

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

OCTOBER, 1866.

GEORGE C. M. ROBERTS, M. D., D. D.

BY HON. G. P. DISOSWAY.

DR. JOHNSON somewhere has expressed the sentiment that the best kind of biography is *autobiography*, and that every man's life may be written by himself better than any body else could write it for him. We are very much of this notion, but happen to live in a day when it is the custom with friends to call upon each other to record their personal sketches. And, after all, there seems to be a very binding obligation, whenever circumstances may afford the means and the opportunity, to bring out and present for imitation examples of living private virtues, piety, and public usefulness. This obligation becomes still more imperative if we can present instances of unsparing self Christian devotion, stern self-denial, of child-like trust in God, implicit faith in the Gospel of Christ, united with zeal and knowledge to advance the kingdom of the world's Redeemer. No sincere Christian friend can more easily subject himself to a just reproach, than shrinking from the discharge of such a duty and debt.

The Rev. Dr. Wiley, of the Ladies' Repository, requested the local preachers of Baltimore to select a representative man of their useful body to be engraved for his excellent monthly, when Dr. Roberts was unanimously chosen. Of course this was their best choice. At the same time the editor very kindly invited the writer to prepare the necessary sketch, in which request the Rev. I. P. Cook, President of the Local Preachers' Association, united; and this is the history of this engraving and article in a nutshell. In the contribution itself, I have received the most valuable aid from Mr. Cook—if my wishes had been successful, he himself would have written it.

The relation of local preachers to the intro-
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duction of Methodism into the United States of America, forms a prominent and interesting part of the history of our Church.

Philip Embury, Robert Strawbridge, John King, Robert Williams, and others were immigrants to our country. Converted to God in their native lands, they were prepared to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ, in what soon became their newly-adopted home.

The opening mission of Philip Embury was in the city of New York, in the year 1766. The results of his work are known and read of all men. Robert Strawbridge settled in Frederick county, Md., probably as early as 1760, and soon began to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ to his neighbors, and extended his labors to Baltimore county, Baltimore town, and Frederick county, Md.

These two men of God were local preachers, and through their instrumentality New York and Maryland soon felt the power of an earnest Christianity; and "whosoever this Gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world, this also that they have done shall be spoken of for a memorial of them."

It is claimed that Philip Embury organized in New York city what became the first Methodist Church in the United States. There is no desire to detract from the honorable distinction awarded to Embury as the founder of Methodism in this country. The authorities of the Church concede the honor to him, and his successors in the local ministry will heartily join in this memorial to his good name and deeds.

It is, however, due to faithful history, to state that the first ripe fruit of the harvest was gathered by Robert Strawbridge in Maryland. Among the early seals to his ministry was Richard Owen, who became the first native local preacher in the United States. William Waters became the first native traveling preacher in America. These were remarkable coinci-

dences. Owen lived to preach the funeral sermon of Strawbridge, his spiritual father, in Baltimore county, to a large and weeping congregation. Waters visited Owen, his spiritual father, in his old age, and probably his last sickness, and bore testimony to the purity and usefulness of his life.

God multiplied the number of native local preachers in Maryland, and in 1772 the list included not less than twelve persons, who were duly authorized to preach the Gospel of the grace of God.

Captain Webb, a military and a Christian hero, preached in different sections of the United States with great power and effect, aiding materially in the planting of Methodism. He, however, subsequently returned to England, and departed this life full of faith and the Holy Ghost.

Meanwhile God was raising up itinerant and local preachers, wherever Methodism was faithfully preached, who went forth calling sinners to repentance.

The number of local preachers connected with the Methodist Episcopal Church is 8,205. Many of these have grown up among their neighbors and fellow Church members, and have been "put into the ministry" because of their moral and mental worth, and have given evidence that they were called of God to preach the Gospel to their fellow-men. Others were formerly itinerant preachers, but owing to providential circumstances have changed their relation to the Church and become local preachers.

Diversity of talents and gifts for usefulness prevail among local preachers; it is, however, true of them as a class, that many of them have sustained for years purity of character, general usefulness to the Church of Christ, and ability in expounding God's Word, which have proved to be an element of great power in Methodism.

In addition to the services rendered by local preachers in conducting public worship, many of them are trustees, stewards, class-leaders, Sunday school teachers, and officers, and render cheerful and efficient aid to the Missionary, Tract, and Bible Societies, and are friends and supporters of the literary institutions of our Church. As citizens, many of our local preachers hold important relations to the civil government, and occupy positions of pecuniary and other valuable trusts. These facts are honorable to the Church of Christ, and praiseworthy of the men who are serving God and his Church in the spirit, and providing for their own necessities.

In the year 1858 the "National Association

of Local Preachers" was formed in the city of New York, and has held annual sessions since that period in Baltimore, Philadelphia, Newark, N. J., Troy, N. Y., Wilmington, Del. The next session will be held in Brooklyn, N. Y., commencing September 29th, next.

The following local preachers have been honored by their election as President of the Association: Samuel Brady, East Baltimore Conference; Thomas T. Tasker, of Philadelphia; C. C. Leigh, of New York; John H. Brakeley, of New Jersey; W. H. Dikeman, of New York; Dr. G. C. M. Roberts, of Baltimore; James Riddle, of Wilmington, Del.; Isaac P. Cook, of Baltimore, is the President in this Centenary year of American Methodism. The objects of the Association are to promote brotherly intercourse, and advance the usefulness of the local ministry. All the meetings of the body have been harmonious, and seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, and have received marked attention from the pastors and members of the Church wherever they have been held.

Our engraved portrait of Dr. Roberts is excellent, as all will notice who have seen him, and those of our readers who have not, can here study his very pleasant countenance. He was born in Baltimore, June 29, 1806, so that he is now in his sixtieth year, corpulent, but with a remarkably young-looking face. His father was the well-known and devoted Rev. George Roberts, M. D., of English descent, and emigrated to Maryland. His mother, Susannah M. Le Page, descended from the noble and pious Huguenot race; her parents settling in New York from the Isle of Guernsey.

Dr. Roberts entered Asbury College, then under the Presidency of the celebrated Dr. L. K. Jennings, and subsequently studying medicine, he graduated in the medical department of the Maryland University. On that occasion he obtained the gold medal for the best Latin thesis. In his sixteenth year, after a discourse delivered by that man of God, the Rev. William Hamilton, on the Syrophenician woman, in Wesley Chapel, one Sabbath night, he obtained "precious faith," and the next day united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. Not long after, while engaged in fervent, private prayer, the highest perfect blessing of a Christian believer was received. During the same year he obtained his degree of M. D., he entered the field of the itinerant ministry, mounting his horse, with the old-fashioned saddle-bags, at his father's door. His first text was, "Godliness is profitable unto all things," etc., the congregation large, his first Sabbath one of much labor, but great peace. In about a year he was un-

expectedly called home to attend his father, who, by a distressing illness, could neither preach nor attend his medical practice, and the son now had both of these responsibilities to discharge. In August, 1827, his father's end was most glorious and triumphant.

Dr. Roberts has ever been a most devoted Sunday school advocate, not in word only, but in deed. Immediately after his conversion he entered the old remarkable Asbury school as a teacher and officer, and under his own personal observation had the satisfaction of seeing thirty-five of its teachers and scholars become watchmen upon the walls of Zion. God's blessings have continued to rest upon that favored school.

During the year 1844, when a few of us in New York originated the National Sunday School Convention of our Church, Dr. Roberts, a delegate from Baltimore, was chosen presiding officer. This became an important meeting. The General Conference assembling at the same time and place, adopted the plans we proposed, a Sunday School Union was organized, and Dr. Kidder appointed its Secretary. This institution, now numbering a million of scholars, is one of the corner-stones in the vast fabric of American Methodism.

With the progress of medical science in Maryland the Doctor has been most intimately connected, as editor and professor at different times, and all these important duties have been discharged with fidelity, popularity, and ability. As a practitioner he has been distinguished and very successful, and when his patients have been relieved, his custom is to bow down by their bedside, and offer thanksgiving to the Author and Preserver of life for his mercy and loving kindness to the afflicted!

Dr. Roberts was one of the founders of the Maryland State Inebriate Asylum, a chartered noble institution, of which he still holds the presidency. Nor can we pass by without notice the well-known "prayer or experience meeting," on Saturday, in Wesley Chapel, for the promotion of entire consecration to God. It is impossible to describe the blessed results of these holy gatherings.

Fond of historical researches, he has the best collection of Methodist works, portraits, engravings, etc., probably in our land; and the Methodist Historical Society, of the Baltimore Conference, hold their sessions in his rooms. These are very attractive from the numerous Methodist curiosities of the olden time here deposited, and they draw many intelligent visitors from home and abroad.

In the month of May, 1846, Dr. Roberts was selected to represent the Methodist Episcopal

Church, of Baltimore, at the World's Christian Alliance, the same year, at London. Leaving Boston in the steamer *Britannia*, on his way the ship, during a fog, ran upon a rock before reaching Halifax. This accident compelled the passengers to return, when he made another attempt to embark in a packet from New York, but failing to reach the city in time, he did not accomplish this desired object, much to the regret of himself and his numerous friends. During the same year he received from the Newton University, of Baltimore, the degree of *Doctor Divinitatis*.

Through much personal efforts and liberality the Doctor erected, in 1850, a very neat chapel and lecture-room at Fort M'Henry, providing also a large library for the officers and soldiers. Here he preached for years, the mission proving a great blessing, but has been superseded by another chaplain from political reasons altogether, although he, himself, is no partisan. He has always faithfully preached Christ among the soldiers as he does every-where else, and not fed the people with mere worldly saw-dust; and multitudes believe that he should be restored to his former and old post of religious military usefulness. Exemplary, zealous, and praying chaplains are great public blessings at Fort M'Henry. Dr. Roberts formed the first temperance society ever established in the United States army; and the first memorial to Congress, to allow chaplains in the United States army, proceeded from his soldier congregation at this military post. It was successful in Gen. Harrison's administration.

Whoever has seen him will not soon forget the *personnel* of Dr. Roberts—of medium height and inclined to corpulency. In his face are united the expression of blended intelligence, amiability, and piety, his voice clear and melodious. The ease and affability which characterize his deportment seem to arise from a native kindness of heart, his early proper training, and the large knowledge of the world; and his calling has also naturally led to this. His mind is well balanced, solid and practical, and very genial; a vein of deep reflection, ever ready for the entertainment and instruction of others, makes his society very delightful. He has a well-regulated character, and his experience in divine things has been genuine and deep. With him Christianity is no mere theory—the result of scientific or critical research, or mental speculation—nor is it a Church formalism, arising from mere ritual observances. Sad to record, such are to be found in the priest's office, honest, mistaken men. But George C. M. Roberts does not belong to this class of

ministers. On the contrary, his ministry is spiritual and edifying, and far removed from formality, or solemn dullness, his communion is with God, through the mediation of Christ. In his simple, plain preaching, he lays down this as if a test of religious character and attainments, his own life strictly conforming to the same standard. To my mind a prevailing tenderness, humility, and spirituality imbue his ministry, and which is truly delightful and "refreshing." The well-understood word unction describes the prevailing trait of his pulpit labors. What a mercy is this vital warmth from heaven, anointing men of God with a tenderness which yearns over the souls of men in gushing sympathy of eye and tone, for the salvation of those for whom Christ died!

Thus blessed, Dr. Roberts is a blessing to others, and always a welcome herald of salvation; and few have had more invitations to camp meetings and the dedications of God's temples. No local preacher has been more often solicited to occupy the pulpits of other sister denominations. He has been presiding officer of the National Convention of Local Preachers, and delivered one of the annual sermons before that body, which has been printed and widely circulated; and at their next Convention he is, by appointment, to deliver their Centenary discourse, a still more important duty.

Such we portray Dr. Roberts, whose likeness adorns the present number of the Repository. It is imperfect, but not overdrawn, as the writer has enjoyed years of intimate personal acquaintance and friendship with him. My aim was to delineate the portrait of my Christian friend, just as the observations of years presented it to my mind, aiming at simple exactness and truth in the picture. The lessons taught by the life of this useful and beloved minister of Christ become of great value to the local ministers and the Church; and, reader, his example should not be lost or forgotten by any of us.

THE future is always fairy-land to the young. Life is like a beautiful and winding lane, on either side bright flowers, and beautiful butterflies, and tempting fruits, which we scarcely pause to admire and to taste, so eager are we to hasten to an opening which we imagine will be more beautiful still. But, by degrees, as we advance, the trees grow bleak; the flowers and butterflies fail; the fruits disappear, and we find we have arrived, to reach a desert waste: in the center, a stagnant and Lethæan lake, over which wheel and shriek the dark-winged birds, the embodied memories of the past.

THE EMOTIONS AND PASSIONS.

BY HENRY B. HIBBEN, U. S. N.

THE warping and controlling influence of passion and interest upon the opinions of men is powerful, and sometimes irresistible. Predilection, and avarice, and malice, and many other passions often lie as an incubus upon the judgment. They domineer over the mind like a tyrant, and what they pronounce falsehood the mind will often receive as such, though it be God's most blessed truth from heaven.

The deceptive power of excessive passion in blinding reason and judgment is forcibly illustrated in Hamlet's soliloquy upon the second marriage of his mother.

"Frailty, thy name is woman!
A little month, or ere those shoes were old
With which she followed my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears; why she, even she—
O, heaven! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourned longer—married with my uncle,
My father's brother; but no more like my father
Than I to Hercules: within a month,
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married."

The old story of the romantic lady and her sober pastor viewing the moon through a telescope is a humorous illustration of this principle.

"I perceive," said the young lady, "two shadows inclining to each other; they are certainly two happy lovers!"

"Not at all," replied the preacher, "they are two church steeples."

If we observe the operations of our mind we perceive that intellections ordinarily come and go in a certain order or train, and this train of ideas generally depends very little upon our will. It may be modified, however, by various causes, such as peculiarity of mental constitution, or some extraordinary state of mind. Often the mind is engrossed by some master-passion having a certain direction, and which will not brook interruption, and can not easily be turned aside from its headlong course. Anger, for example, sometimes so inflames the mind as to leave not a nook or crevice for any other thought or sentiment, except that which gives indulgence to the passion and utterance to its promptings. Whatever may be the interruptions, the mind returns to the exciting cause and clings to it with a tenacity which is ludicrous in its very excess.

In King Henry IV, a colloquy between Worcester and the fiery Hotspur affords a most striking illustration of this principle. The rep-

resentation of this scene is remarkably lifelike and natural:

"*Worcester.* Peace, cousin, and hear me;
I have matter deep and dangerous,
As full of peril as to o'erwalk a current roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Hotspur. If he fall in, good-night, or sink, or swim,
Send danger from the east into the west,
So honor cross it, from the north to south;
And let them grapple. O! the blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare.

Worcester. Those same noble Scots,
That are your prisoners—

Hotspur. I'll keep them all:
By heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them;
No; if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not;
I'll keep them by this hand.

Worcester. You start away and lend no ear unto
my purpose.

Those pris'ners you shall keep—

Hotspur. I will, that's flat;
He said he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbade my tongue to speak of Mortimer.
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla, '*Mortimer!*
Nay, I will have a starling taught to speak
Nothing but '*Mortimer*,' and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

Worcester. Farewell, cousin, I will talk to you
When you are better tempered to attend."

The passion in Shakespeare often awes and overwhelms the spirit of the reader, and he sensibly feels the presence and power of god-like genius.

There is no objective description of passion, such as marks the efforts of many of our modern dramatists. There is rather an impersonation of the passions in the very characters themselves. In the murder of King Duncan, for example, with what strained and painful interest do we follow Macbeth, as, urged on by ambition, he fights against conscience, overcomes, and finally completes his fell purpose! Then we behold remorse gnawing like a blind worm at his heart, and the eternal law of retribution asserting its righteous claim in spite of the countenance and support of his heartless wife and the strongest effort of his own will. The passion, the sublimity, the knowledge of the human heart, and of the complex workings of the wondrous moral nature of man revealed here seem like inspiration.

"*Macbeth.* I have done the deed—Didst thou not hear a noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream—Did not you speak? . . .

Macbeth. This is a sorry sight. (*Looking on his hands.*)

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macbeth. There's one did laugh in his sleep, and one cried, 'Murder!' . . .

One cried, 'God bless us!' and 'Amen,' the other.

I could not say Amen, when they did say, God bless us.

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macbeth. But wherefore could not I pronounce, Amen?

I had most need of blessing, and amen stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought after these ways;

It will make us mad.

Macbeth. Methought I heard a voice cry, 'Sleep no more!'

'Macbeth doth murder sleep, the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravel'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.'

Lady M. What do you mean?

Macbeth. Still it cried, 'Sleep no more,' to all the house,

'Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more!'"

I will now conclude this paper with one more example illustrating in masterly manner a remarkable peculiarity of the mind, when under the influence of strong passions, operating in irregular succession. The mind necessarily partakes of the nature of the fluctuation, and vibrates from one subject to another, and with an intensity painful, and sometimes overpowering, finds utterance in broken and abrupt sentences, yet revealing clearly the nature of the agitation within.

A perfect representation of this state of mind is presented in the closing scene of Othello, the Moor of Venice. In admirable manner the play is opened, and the honest and pure character of Othello is revealed in striking contrast to that of the fiendish Iago. Our admiration and love are first challenged, and, as the devilish designs of Iago are developed, our sympathy and pity, and as it becomes evident that Othello has become the dupe of the fertile villainy of the traitor, our deepest anxiety is awakened. The plot deepens. The poison is gradually infused into every fiber of the victim. Under its crazing influence we behold the once mild and trusting husband enter the room of his innocent wife, crowned with his imagined wrongs, agonized and desperate under the conviction that she in whom his hopes and life were centered, had fallen from the heaven of her innocence and truth. The scene changes, the innocence of the unsuspecting, uncomplaining, and devoted Desdemona shines forth to his vision like the sun from the breaking cloud; the villainy of Iago is revealed in all its hideous deformity, but *too late*; and Othello stands before us, the sea of his heart lashed by angry storms, while in the

still pauses of the cruel blasts we distinguish his helpless, hopeless cry of despair and death.

Montano. Take you this weapon
Which I have here recovered from the Moor;
Come guard the door without, let him not pass,
But kill him rather; I'll after that same villain.

(*Exit Mon.*)

Othello. I am not valiant neither,
But every puny whipster gets my sword—
But why should honor outlive honesty?
Let it go all. . . .
I have another weapon in this chamber,
It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper;
O, here it is! Uncle, I must come forth.

Gratiano. (*Within.*) If thou attempt it it will cost thee dear;

Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me then, and speak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

(*Reenter Gratiano.*)

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Behold! I have a weapon;
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh; I have seen the day,
That with this little arm, and this good sword,
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop. But, O, vain boast!
Who can control his fate? 'Tis not so now. . . .
Be not afraid though you do see me weaponed,
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very sea mark of my utmost soil.
Do you go back dismayed? 'Tis a lost fear;
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires; *Where should Othello go?*
Now, how didst thou look now? Pale as thy smock!
When we shall meet at compt, this look of thine
Will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it.

(*Enter Lodovico.*)

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?

Oth. That's he, that was Othello; here I am.

Lod. You must forsake this room and go with us,
Your power and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. . . .

You shall close prisoner rest,

Till that the nature of your fault is known

To the Venetian state: Come, bring him away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or two before you go.

I have done the state some service, and they know it;
No more of that: I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice; then must you speak
Of one, that loved not wisely, but too well;
Of one not easily jealous, but being wrought,
Perplexed in the extreme; of one whose hand,
Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subdu'd eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum. Set you down this;
And say besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turbaned Turk
Beat a Venetian and traduced the state,

I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him—thus! (*stabs himself*)”

I will now close this discussion, though no one, perhaps, feels more sensibly than myself its incompleteness and inadequacy. The subject, indeed, widens before the inquiring mind till it is lost in the labyrinth of its varied and extensive fields.

It is evident, however, that our passions are not something foreign to ourselves, the abnormal creation of some evil agent, but the result of the constitution which our Creator in his wisdom and goodness has given us. It is philosophical and reasonable, therefore, to conclude that they form a very essential and a very important part of our nature, and that they may conduce to the happiness and wellbeing of man, when subjected to the government of reason and enlightened conscience. O, how powerful an agent for weal and woe is that man who can strike the keys of these movements and sensibilities of our species with a master hand! The orator, the divine may find here an infinite field for study and research, and of usefulness too. And when the power is sanctified by religion, when the words and thoughts that speak and burn, when the genius that has sounded every depth of the human heart, and has learned to strike melody from every chord of emotion and passion, brings all and lays it upon the altar of God, he becomes a more powerful instrument for good than the archangel!

“First-born of liberty divine!

Put on religion's bright array;

Speak! and the starless grave shall shine,

The portal of eternal day.

Rise kindling with the orient beam,

Let *Calvary's hill* inspire the theme,

Unfold thy garments rolled in blood,

O, touch the soul, touch all her chords,

With all the omnipotence of words,

And point the way to heaven, to God!”

How I pity those who have no love of reading, of study, or of the fine arts! I have passed my youth amidst amusements and in the most brilliant society; but I can assert with perfect truth, that I have never tasted pleasures so true as those I have found in the study of books, in writing, or in music. The days that succeed brilliant entertainments are always melancholy, but those which follow days of study are delicious: we have gained something; we have acquired some new knowledge, and we recall the past day not only without disgust and without regret, but with consummate satisfaction.

THE WIDOW OF COLOGNE.

A PICTURE OF MORNING, NOON, AND NIGHT.

BY MRS. SARAH A. MYERS.

PART II.

MARIE DE MEDICIS, invested with regal power, and relieved from all restraint, ruled France with the sway of a sovereign monarch. Never was one more unfitted for the place she now filled than the widow of Henry the Great. A liberal patroness of literature and the fine arts, and possessed of the most refined tastes, of which many monuments yet remain in Paris, she might have rendered herself worthy to be beloved, but her bad temper and insatiable ambition forced most of those who would have been her friends to become foes. Weak, violent, and inconstant, at once opinionated and obstinate, her unbounded ambition was unaided by her judgment; guided by the heart rather than the head, she became the dupe of favorites, and while she wished to exercise the most despotic power over France, suffered them to rule over herself and influence her political affairs.

Although entirely submissive to the Concini, who well understood their own interest and how to manage one of her stormy nature, from others she would not receive either remonstrance or obstacle; anger rendered her capable of any act of extravagance, and when from interested motives she was obliged to restrain herself, the violence of her nature expressed itself in the alteration of her countenance and in her health. Her passions were carried to extremes; friendship, with her, was blind devotion, and hatred, execration. The displeasure of the nobles on account of the friendship shown to the Concini was extreme. Leonora was still the friend and confidant of the Queen. Concini himself, who had never used a sword, was elevated to the rank of a marshal, and his wife appointed "*dame d'atours*"—lady of the bed-chamber—in place of Madame de Richelieu, who had been chosen by the late King.

Unfortunately this excess of favor was bestowed on persons who abused it; for instead of moderating the extent of the Queen's bounties, or sharing it with families who were capable of protecting them in case of a reverse and thus avoiding the hatred and diminishing the envy which preference ever occasions, these spoiled children of fortune, in aspiring to obtain too much, eventually ruined themselves and dragged their mistress into the same abyss.

Leonora was one day asked how she had ob-

tained such entire influence over the imperious Queen. "Have you not employed philters, magic, and supernatural means?" said her inquirer. "None of them," replied Leonora; "nothing but that ascendancy which strong minds possess over weak." Marie's natural obstinacy may have been one cause for this attachment, as it was remarked that any advice offered her on the subject only seemed to render her more determined.

"I well know," she one day remarked in public, "that all the court are opposed to Concini; but having supported him in defiance of the King, I shall certainly not fail to uphold him against others."

The course pursued by the Concini was indeed well calculated to inflame the public mind, not only against themselves, but the Queen also. While the husband regulated the affairs of State to his own satisfaction, Leonora occupied herself with all concerns of a lucrative nature. She sold favors and privileges; she supported and forwarded petitions, whether just or unjust she cared not, provided she was remunerated. She also obtained large sums from the treasury, and filled her house with riches.

In 1615 the Parliament remonstrated on the augmentation of pensions and the immense expenses of the royal household, but Marie, with her usual obstinacy, gave no heed to the warning. Henry had left a flourishing kingdom; he had paid twenty-five millions of debts out of a revenue of thirty-five millions, and left thirty millions, the fruits of his economy, in the treasury; and the Queen, after having dissipated these treasures by her foolish prodigality, burdened the nation with taxes, placed France under the yoke of Spain, and by her culpable conduct confirmed the general opinion that she was not a stranger to the conspiracy connected with the King's death.

It had long been a favorite project with her to conclude an alliance with Spain by the double marriages of her daughter, the Princess Elizabeth of France, with the Prince Royal of Spain, and the Infanta Anne with Louis XIII. The proposal was agreeable to the Spanish King, but not to the majority of the French people. Anne of Austria was the daughter of Philip III of Spain, and of Margaret of Austria, and by no means calculated for the place she was destined to fill. The contract was concluded; the Duke of Guise, at the head of a detachment, conducted the Princess Elizabeth to the frontiers, and escorted the young Queen elect of France to Bordeaux, where the King met her, and they received the nuptial benediction. It was while on his journey to receive his young

wife, that Albert de Luynes, his favorite companion who possessed his confidence, made use of his intimacy to point out to the King the errors of his mother's government and the odious power of Concini and his wife. Louis is said to have replied to him on this occasion, "This marshal will certainly be the ruin of my kingdom, but no one dares say so to my mother, because it will put her in a passion."

The entertainments on this nuptial occasion were of the most luxurious order, and gave the French and Spaniards an opportunity of displaying their splendor, in which they endeavored to outvie each other, and the period of this double hymeneal festival was long remembered by the title of "*l'annee des magnificences*."

Anne of Austria, lively, accomplished, and brilliant, was one who, it might be supposed, being of congenial tastes, would become a favorite with her mother-in-law. This, however, was not the case, for Marie, dreading the power that a young and beautiful wife might have over Louis, used every effort to disgust him with her, and unhappily was but too successful. Beautiful and accomplished as was the young Queen, she was but a cipher in her husband's court, then the most magnificent and elegant in Europe. In the midst of regal pomp and splendor she was not happy; and those who may happen to glance over the memoirs of Anne of Austria, will find that she had no exemption from the preponderance of cares and sorrows over peace and felicity, which has characterized the lives of all the queens of France.

In the mean time, while discord was reigning in the royal household, Marie continued her arbitrary measures; her favorites grew every day more obnoxious; disaffection was everywhere at work, and even in the pulpit such bitter and offensive allusions were made, which, being repeated at court, at length aroused the King to a full sense of the threatened danger. The withdrawal from court of the Concinis was formally demanded, but, careless of the peril which her course involved, the haughty Queen refused to listen. Any one less blindly obstinate than Marie de Medicis would have stopped to consider at such a crisis. Louis entreated and remonstrated, as was his duty to do, but with her usual violence she bade him be silent; she was still determined, she declared, to be absolute ruler. Richelieu, too, did all that was possible to combat her prepossessions; he supplicated, he kneeled, he entreated; he even shed tears; but the inflexible Queen was not to be moved, and she blindly persisted in her reckless course. But dark clouds which she would not

discern were now gathering fast on her life's horizon—clouds, surcharged with storm and tempest, which, bursting, brought death and desolation in their path, and left Marie de Medicis discrowned and an exile.

Louis looked forward impatiently to the day when he should attain his majority; hoping that when his imperious mother should be obliged to yield the scepter to himself as king, the evil so loudly complained of would be removed. But at length the evil became too pressing to admit of further delay, and wearied with the intolerable despotism of the queen-mother and undiminishing arrogance of her favorites, and annoyed and alarmed at the increasing danger which threatened to disturb the peace of France, in 1617, Louis gave the order for the fall of Concini as the only means of pacifying the nation.

All was so quietly arranged that no suspicion was excited in the mind of the Queen or her friends. The marshal having one day entered the Louvre to proceed to council, was surprised to find himself detained by Vitri, the captain of the guards, who demanded his sword. Concini made a movement, either to surrender or defend himself, and at the same moment received three pistol shots, from which he instantly expired. The King, who appeared on the balcony as if to authorize this action by his presence, was immediately surrounded and congratulated, as on the occasion of a public rejoicing. During this species of triumph the Queen's guards had been disarmed, and the doors of her apartments which communicated with those of the King, were so carefully blocked up that no sound caused by the tragical proceedings reached Marie's ear. Seated in her dressing-room with Leonora only, their conversation was of sunny Italy and the gay time which preceded her setting out as a royal bride. "You have filled the throne, my mistress, and worn the crown as you declared you would," said Leonora; "have you found all the happiness you expected in its possession?"

Marie had no time to answer, for a heavy tread was heard in the outer room. Two servants stepped hastily forward to confront the intruder, let him be who he might, but instantly fell back again through the doorway, in evident alarm and with their eyes riveted on one who followed them. The fierce spirit of Marie was immediately roused. "What means this intrusion into our private apartment?" she asked with flashing eyes and heightened color. "The King, madame, the King has ordered the arrest of Madame de Concini, and I am obliged to obey," replied the officer, bowing respectfully

as he handed the King's order to the Queen. "The King!" she exclaimed, "who is he? I am ruler here—begone from our presence or abide the charge of treason. Do you seek my life?" "My orders, madame," replied the officer, "relate only to Madame Concini, and I do but obey the commands of my master." A stormy scene ensued, during which a noise was heard without; the door was rudely flung open, and half a dozen armed men crowded round it and partly entered the dressing-room. Further resistance was useless; Leonora was led away from the presence of her mistress—the Queen remained a prisoner in her own chamber.

During the remainder of this disastrous day the courtiers employed themselves in recounting the catalogue of crimes and vices of those to whom but a short time before they had bent the knee and offered adulation. The populace, encouraged by, but far exceeding the example of their leaders, gave proof of their ferocious and turbulent character by the performance of acts worthy only of the lowest class of savages. The body of Concini, which had been privately buried at St. Germain l'Auxerrois, was discovered, disinterred, and dragged through the street, hanged on a gibbet, and then dismembered, and the authors of the catastrophe stood by and encouraged the blind rage of the mob, because their excesses proved to the King that he had done right in sacrificing a man who was so much detested.

Nothing could exceed the grief and astonishment of Marie de Medicis on hearing of the extent of her misfortune. She was mortified to think that she had been so easily deceived and overcome by the young King, and she was loud in her invectives against Anne of Austria, whom, believing her to have known of the plot, she blamed for not disclosing it to her. She had no doubt that she should recover her ascendancy over her son if only an opportunity was had of conversing with him, and earnestly desired that favor; but she was refused and informed that if she ever hoped their intercourse to recommence and recover his good opinion it would be by her withdrawal from the court. Marie was one never given to tears, but at this news they flowed without restraint. She had shown no emotion on the death of her husband, but the entire overthrow of her power and loss of her authority caused her to shed those bitter tears which were much more due to the memory of the King.

Her situation was now truly deplorable. The same ungovernable temper and violence which had deprived her of her husband's affection now alienated from her a son naturally affec-

tionate and devoted; and her indomitable ambition forced Richelieu, who owed his elevation entirely to her favor, ultimately to become her enemy. Nevertheless, on this occasion he so far befriended her as to prevail on the King to grant the interview she so much desired. Louis, alarmed and annoyed, having previously resolved on the course he intended to pursue, neither acted as a son or sovereign; he would not listen to any thing she could say, but wishing to soften the rigor of the sentence which banished her from the court, gave her the choice of places to which she might retire as well as of the persons who were to accompany her. She selected the castle of Blois.

The day of departure came; Louis went to her apartment to bid her farewell, but only remained a short time. Nevertheless, short as was the interview, she did not fail to beg mercy for her favorite Leonora.

Louis, embarrassed and angry, made no reply whatever to his mother, but when she advanced to detain Luynes, he left the room abruptly and sternly bade him to follow.

Anne of Austria was the only one who spoke a word of kindness to the fallen Queen. She lamented her disgrace and tried to comfort her by representing that the sentence of her withdrawal was not banishment, and bade her hope for brighter days, and after bidding a most affectionate farewell accompanied her to her carriage bathed in tears. • Louis, however, cold-hearted as Marie herself, watched his mother's departure with that air of perfect satisfaction which a youth assumes when, freed from scholastic discipline, he feels himself his own master.

The last scene, however, in this tragedy was a darker one than that just described. Leonora Galigai was to be made an example of for suffering herself to be carried away by the torrent of fortune. Her attachment to Marie commenced at an early day, and there were few who would not have seized upon the advantages which opened on her path by the friendship of a powerful Queen. Her intrepid nature, disdaining all fear of the quicksands, if indeed she discerned them, by which she was surrounded in that envious court, caused her to walk in confidence upon her dangerous path, which, in the end, led to ignominy and death.

Many crimes were laid to her charge, not one of which could be proved; and the accusations brought against her displayed more of the rancor of her enemies than that she had done any thing worthy of death. Her great fault was thirst for gold; her greatest crime, that she had been the prime favorite of the unpopular Queen.

Her case was prejudged. Finding that no proofs of treason could be brought against her, she was accused of sorcery; of having corresponded with Jewish magicians and demons; of having refused to eat pork, to have neglected attending mass on Saturdays, and of having shut herself up in the church with Milanese and Florentine sorcerers for the purpose of practicing incantations. Such superstitious beliefs were held by many in those early days, but so puerile did those charges appear to the strong-minded Leonora, that when questioned respecting them she could not forbear smiling. She soon perceived, however, that her judges were inexorable, and finding that they persisted in the accusation she wept bitterly, and said that she need not reply to any questions since she knew they were determined to condemn her. Indignity after indignity was heaped upon her; she was spared nothing that could add to her affliction; her cup of sorrow was filled to overflowing, and she was made to drink it to the dregs. At the time her sentence was to be read to her, the chapel was filled with persons of all classes. On entering she exclaimed, "Am I to be made a spectacle to the public?" and endeavored to envelop her head with her vail, but it was rudely removed, and with her face uncovered was forced to listen to her condemnation.

She was declared guilty of treason, both human and divine, and condemned to be beheaded at the Place de Greve; her head and body to be burned and her ashes scattered to the winds; her house was to be razed to the ground, her lands confiscated, and her son, a most worthy and intellectual youth, was pronounced ignoble and incapable of ever holding an office in the kingdom. Five of the council refused to agree to this iniquitous sentence, and history tells us that Suvir, the advocate-general, would not assent to it but for the solemn promise which Louis gave him, that he would pardon the accused.

Leonora, the once gay, the fearless, and the happy, now disgraced in her honor and that of her husband and son, was completely prostrated and gave way to the most violent grief. But it was only for a short time. The worst she expected was banishment, but now she was overwhelmed with a torrent of grief at the future lot of her friendless son. Orphaned, destitute, almost outlawed, was it wonderful that the spirit of this intrepid woman quailed at the dreary prospect that lay before her only child? But such a weakness, although springing from a source so sacred as that of maternal affection, could not long be indulged in by a woman of

Leonora's mold. After paying this tribute to nature she dried her tears and resumed her usual firm demeanor. No more murmurs or regrets escaped her. She knew that her doom was certain, and she resigned herself with fortitude to meet it, and listened with devotion to the consolations which religion offered.

Notwithstanding the King had given his promise that Leonora should be pardoned, he basely broke it; she was dragged to execution through a crowd of people who looked on in silence, and whose countenances expressed that their late rancor had subsided into pity; but entirely occupied by the solemn ordeal through which she was passing, she noticed neither populace nor stake; "intrepid but modest," she died without boast and without fear.

At the time of Concini's murder, all the ministers appointed by him precipitately retired except Richelieu, Bishop of Lucon, who was the Queen's chaplain, and who declared his determination to remain with her in her misfortunes. Marie, always unsuspecting, expressed her gratitude for this seeming devotion; but history tells us that he was suspected of having in this act of fidelity sought his own advantage rather than that of the Queen, and that he was a spy on her actions rather than a counselor. Be that, however, as it may, after the execution of Leonora, all the partisans of the Queen's cause were disgraced; and Richelieu, who had accompanied Marie to Blois, received an order to quit her, and accordingly retired to his bishopric of Lucon, but was soon after exiled to Avignon.

Luynes and his associates took every precaution to prevent a meeting between Louis and his mother, a circumstance which might have interfered with their own ambitious projects. Marie did not submit uncomplainingly to her hard destiny. She complained to all France of the severe captivity in which she was retained without the consolation of seeing her son, to whom she declared she had some important State secrets to communicate. But those who had pronounced her sentence of exile were not to be moved. From day to day she was cheated with promises that the King, when released from the pressure of State business, would visit her, but still he never came.

The popular feeling against Marie having in time subsided, a reaction, as is mostly the case after such tumults, had taken place, and it was remembered that the Queen, notwithstanding her many faults, was yet a woman of no common stamp and possessed many good qualities. A true daughter of the Medici, she possessed the refined taste and intellect as well as the

liberality which characterized the family from whom she sprung. She gave great encouragement to the fine arts, and her short reign had not altogether been without use. She had called Rubens from his home in Antwerp to paint for her palace in Paris the principal epochs of her life, which task he completed in twenty-one large pictures, which were afterward destroyed by a mob. She thus in laying the foundation of his fame, laid the foundation of a friendship which was not afraid to manifest itself when the storms of adversity had left her without the shelter of a home.

Many beautiful buildings, among which is the Luxemburg palace, still remain in Paris to recall her taste in architecture, and many monuments of high artistic excellence are yet pointed out as relics of her reign. Louis did not elevate himself in the public opinion by the manner in which he acted toward his mother. If motives of State policy demanded her removal from court, he might still have accorded her the respect which was her due from a son. He had neither the intellectual superiority of his father nor the taste for embellishing that belonged to the Medici; the character of his court was by no means such as it had been in Marie's reign, and his cold treatment of his Queen was not without comment. Marie's violence and obstinacy were lost sight of; contrasts were constantly being made as regarded the purity of her court and the present, and numerous and various plans were discussed as to the possibility of releasing the banished Queen from her captivity.

The honor of delivering Marie from her prison was, however, reserved for a priest named Ruccelai and the Duke d'Epéron, who had ever been her most faithful friend. The former had accompanied her in her exile, but Bassompierre having promised him protection and favor, he returned to Paris. Notwithstanding he had pledged his word of honor that he would hold no correspondence with the Queen-mother, Ruccelai had already determined to effect her release, and being possessed of that constancy and intrepidity which braves all danger and scorns fatigue, he was peculiarly fitted for the undertaking.

Leaving his abbey secretly, and going to the neighborhood of Blois, he contrived to establish a clandestine correspondence with the Queen-mother, and as soon as he had made her acquainted with his plans, traversed the country in the severest Winter weather, sometimes on horseback, but more frequently on foot, evaded the spies who were scattered about every-where on his route, and arrived at Sedan, where lived

a nobleman who he knew favored the cause of Marie. Seeking an interview with this friend, Ruccelai boldly disclosed his project, but his cautious auditor, although he declared himself flattered by the confidence reposed in him, declined the honor, and declared that the Duke d'Epéron was the only one who could be depended upon in such a case as this. Ruccelai and d'Epéron had long been enemies of each other; nevertheless, the former determined to trust to the generosity of the latter, who was not unworthy of this confidence and willingly joined in the confederacy for Marie's release. The plot, however, was nearly discovered; Ruccelai having sent some letters for the Queen by a messenger, the man imagining that the packet contained important information, proceeded to Paris instead of Blois, and requested an audience with Luynes. But as he was supposed to be an impostor, who presented himself under false pretenses to obtain money, he was not permitted to see the Duke. While wandering about the street in the neighborhood of d'Luynes's hotel he was seen by the valet of a parliamentary counselor, who was much attached to the Queen-mother, who immediately informed his master that "de Lorme" was in Paris. De Buisson, suspecting some treachery, immediately dispatched a messenger to find him, and the messenger pretending that he had been sent by de Luynes to hear what he had to communicate, handed him five hundred crowns and possessed himself of the dispatches.

Marie escaped in the night by descending a ladder from her bedroom window; she crossed the gardens of the castle on foot, accompanied by her maid—who carried her casket of jewels—her equerry, and a brother of Richelieu. A carriage awaited her at the end of the drawbridge, and the little party proceeded on their hazardous way by the light of torches. They were soon joined by Epéron and others, under whose escort she reached Angoulême. When the news of the Queen's escape reached the court it created considerable alarm. De Luynes, according to the King's wish to enter into conciliatory terms with his mother, proposed, as the basis of the treaty, that Marie should abandon d'Epéron, and that he should be made an example of State vengeance. But she indignantly declared she would never abandon a man who had risked all in behalf of her liberty, and rather than expose him to the resentment of his enemies, she would take the whole evil upon herself.

Richelieu, who had been languishing in exile at Avignon, now took advantage of the troubled state of affairs to lay the foundation of his for-

tune, by endeavoring to conciliate the King and his mother. He had throughout maintained a secret intelligence with the court of which Marie was ignorant, and believing him sincere in the offer of his services, accepted it without any misgiving. One short and unsatisfactory interview was the result of his endeavors. At the meeting of the mother and son, which took place at the castle of Tours, more surprise was manifested. A few commonplace sentences comprised all the conversation that passed between them, and in the three days which the Queen-mother passed under the King's roof, she was left almost entirely to the kind offices of her daughter-in-law, for Louis gave her very little of his notice. "How can I obtain his good graces?" she one day asked a countryman of her own. "Love what he loves, and you will find that these words contain the law and the prophets." The advice was good, and Marie owed all her unhappiness to the neglect of cultivating a loving and gentle spirit.

After this short interview the Queen-mother left Tours for Angers, hoping soon to be recalled to Paris. But the unprincipled Richelieu, still in the interest of the court while he pretended friendship for her, surrounded her with his emissaries, who prevailed on her to assemble troops and maintain her State and power. But her troops were attacked and vanquished, and she was obliged to enter into a treaty which, among other articles, contained the promise of a cardinal's hat for Richelieu.

A second interview which took place between Marie de Medicis and her son was more cordial than the one at Tours. Louis embraced her and exclaimed with some show of affection, "I will hold you now, and you shall never run away from me again." She replied, "It will not give you any trouble to keep me, because I am sure I shall always be treated as a mother should be by such a son as you." After proceeding together to Poitou and Guyenne in order to pacify the rebellious and discontented there, the mother and son returned to Paris, where Marie united her court with that of Anne of Austria, and recovered her influence over the King.

As long as Marie believed Richelieu was sincere in her service, she protected and assisted in his advancement; but when she saw that he, while pretending devotion to her cause, was in league with her enemies, her indignation knew no bounds. Her resentment grew into the most bitter hatred, and she determined that this Colossus should fall. Her enmity broke out into an open rupture on the cardinal's return from La Rochelle in 1626; but Richelieu

was prepared for the storm, and Marie herself was the only victim on the "*journee des dupes*." Yielding to her solicitations, Louis, on leaving Paris for Versailles, promised his mother that he would dismiss the cardinal; but the crafty Churchman, who followed the King to that place, so artfully insinuated himself into the good graces of the weak Louis, that he determined to retain him in his service; and when Marie arrived at Versailles, it was only to be informed of his triumph and her new disgrace.

Having refused all overtures of reconciliation with Richelieu, she was again condemned to a prison. She was confined in the Chateau de Compeigne in 1631, under an armed guard, and her friends, her servants, and even her household physician, were imprisoned in the Bastille. Although Louis had determined her exile, he also resolved to spare himself the embarrassment of having personally to endure face to face her invectives and reproaches, and accordingly hastened to hide himself in one of the royal residences in the country when the letter announcing her banishment was read to her, couched in terms but little softened by giving her a choice of a prison. The disgrace of Medicis was altogether unexpected, and she was overwhelmed. For a short time only did she submit to the restraints of a prison. She was soon able to effect an escape into the Netherlands, where she was kindly received by the ruling powers. Wishing for retirement as the best means, she sought an asylum, for safety, in the house of Rubens, who was then living in Antwerp. His reception of her was such as might be expected from a man of so noble and generous a mind, and for two years the mother of the King of France found in the family of the grateful painter the comfort which was denied her in the royal residences of her own children.

It is a strange anomaly in the human character—but no less strange than true—that men are always most vindictive against those whom they have most deeply wronged. Not content with having alienated her from her son, and dispossessed her of all her royal rights, the vengeance of Richelieu pursued her even to this retreat. Taking advantage of some political circumstances in consequence of a war breaking out between France and Spain, the crafty cardinal demanded her banishment from the Netherlands, and she was obliged to seek another home. From this time she was a wanderer, and alternately took refuge in England, Belgium, and Germany. After leaving Antwerp she sought an asylum in England with her daughter, Henrietta, wife of Charles I. The

King and Queen of England received her kindly, but Richelieu, not satisfied with her banishment from France and Holland, determined that this resting-place should also be denied her. The troubles which afterward agitated England had at that time commenced, thus rendering it an uncertain abode, and Charles endeavored to reconcile her once more with her son. The crafty minister, however, would not suffer the reunion to take place, and the intriguing Richelieu, who only too well knew how to make every thing subserve his purposes, made use of the present political circumstances to consummate the vengeance by which she had already been driven into exile, and succeeded, as he never failed to do. Charles I, who resisted Cromwell with such tenacity, and Philip of Spain, who was stubborn even to a proverb, found themselves too weak to oppose the demands of the all-powerful minister; accordingly they withdrew from the mother of their respective Queens the pecuniary aid they had hitherto afforded her.

There was now no longer a choice of places offered her; it was decided that she should be sent back to Florence. But the haughty Princess could not endure that her native land should be witness of her reverses and disgraces, and in spite of all that Richelieu could do or say, remained in England till the Roundhead Parliament, with Cromwell for its leader, obliged the forlorn Queen to leave that country. There seemed now to be no resting-place for Marie de Medicis, the daughter of a proud line of princes, the wife of Henry the Great and the mother of a royal race, several of whom were then wearing crowns and filling the most important thrones in Europe. Abandoned by her children, rejected by her late husband's allies, and refusing to return to her Italian home in such a humiliated state as she then was, she humbly entreated the Parliament to allow her to remain in France. This favor, however, was sternly refused, and Marie de Medicis, destined never more to see her son or the city which she had embellished with so much taste and munificence, set forth, without friend or adviser, on her way to find a home where obscurity might be a protection against the further persecution of the vindictive Richelieu.

SATIRE is a sort of glass, wherein beholders generally discover every body's face but their own—which is the chief reason for that kind of reception it meets in the world, and that so very few are offended with it.—*Swift*.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

BY ELLEN E. MACK.

AGAIN the faded Autumn leaves
 Low rustle to my passing tread,
 And up to the October sky
 The tall tree lifts its naked head,
 Like a 'reft soul, whose joys are fled!

I wander, musing, on the hill,
 And through the memory-haunted dell,
 With pensive thoughts of Summer gone,
 And of the coming sad "farewell,"
 When I must break this pleasant spell;

And leave my own dear native land,
 And leave the friends whose presence sweet,
 Whose gentle tones and looks of love
 Have made the hours and days seem fleet,
 As "wild gazelle, with silvery feet."

I gaze upon these leaves and say,
 How like to our dead hopes are ye,
 Which now in dust and ashes lie,
 Long fallen from our life's fair tree,
 Where joy-birds chanted merrily!

But music hovers 'round my soul
 Upon this placid Autumn day;
 I gaze with joy on the brown earth—
 The radiant hill-tops, far away,
 Bathed in the sunset's parting ray;

For underneath these faded leaves
 Lies next year's grass—its waving corn;
 And underneath my heart's regrets,
 Unfolding, ere the springtime morn,
 The sweetest hope that e'er was born!

A HYMN FOR THE TIMES.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

O THOU, so high, so lifted up
 Beyond all sorrow and all fears,
 See where thy wretched children grope,
 Hark to their sighs, behold their tears!

Through the long ages thou hast seen
 The world go stagging, groaning on;
 New tragedies, yet old, have been
 With every generation born.

Famine and drought, and flood and fire,
 Rapine, and pestilence, and sword,
 Earthquake and tempest, all conspire
 Against our sinful race, O Lord.

How long, O Lord, must it endure?
 Thy word can bid the havoc cease;
 Thy blood can wash the nations pure,
 And hush the groaning earth to peace.

For thee the whole creation waits;
 O, let thy blessed reign begin!
 "Lift up, ye everlasting gates,
 And let the King of Glory in."

OUR HOMES.

BY EFFIE WEBSTER.

IS it the sunlight from the human heart or from the world that renders our homes beautiful? What suffices wealth, ease, and daily intercourse with friends if we are dissatisfied, and bear with us a skeleton trouble? Can we glean peace from anger, joy from bitterness of spirit? Into our homes we take our emotions, and their influence never is slight. A frown is answered by a frown, a smile with a smile.

When father comes what a change in the household occurs! Either joy or fear. Playthings are tossed upon the floor, bright eyes dance at the window, and eager lips are upraised for the returning kiss when the door opens. His wife receives a kind smile, and pleasant, good evening. The events of the day are discussed with animation, and with hearts filled with love to the Creator and each other, they gather about the tea-table. No rudeness, no cutting insinuations. When night closes about that house, the angels of truth and purity of heart hover over it.

Another home. Father is at the gate, and playthings are pushed out of sight, and little faces huddle in the corner looking very like panic-stricken countenances. The wife glances anxiously about the room, and rings for tea that her husband may not be delayed. "Wrapped in dignity," he strides into the apartment and walks directly to his seat at the table. His wife meekly follows, and his children steal like culprits to their places. Is a man serving his Creator, and marking out a path of pleasure for himself and family when he builds a wall of coldness about him?

Mothers and wives as well. Irritability of temper and impatience with every-day difficulties darken the home circle. Children are not born perfect, men and women do not live perfect lives. Bear ye with one another. Let harmony bind the family tie more firmly.

Add to your homes by little beauties. Bring flowers that will blossom. A child's mind is cultivated by the lovely of nature. Many otherwise fretful hours will they pass in training their tender shoots. Give the children their box of gardening tools, and send them out with a sense of responsibility. Feeling responsible, and knowing that you have faith in their efforts, they will surprise you and themselves by diligence and buoyancy of spirit.

Do not allow your house to be devoid of ornaments. Simple though they may be, and fashioned by your own hands, they add cheer-

fulness. Pictures are essential. They diffuse a warmth that nothing else can give. Hang them in favorable lights, and you will be thrice repaid for extra trouble.

Let *neatness* be rigidly observed. Dust mars our pleasure as well as the luster of furniture. When an article is taken from its usual place, it is annoying and often mortifying to be welcomed by a cloud of dust. We do not realize that love is retained by every-day attention and kindness. Wives and mothers make home a haven of comfort or a distasteful stopping-place.

It is not strange in this speculative day that marriage is entered upon with many serious deliberations. Men have learned by experience that an ornamental wife, with neither a refined mind nor a willing heart, can be but a sorry companion. And women have learned by bitter examples, that harshness and coldness bring sorrow upon the hearthstone.

Our homes! should they not receive our first attention—not selfish care—our first love? In the Divine Word we find strict commands regarding duties toward husband, wife, and children. It is His teaching that guides us to the portal, His teaching that renders us prepared for the Divine hereafter. Shall we not build the foundation of our lives, our homes, upon His precepts? Through the mist of doubt that enshrouds mortal mind in regard to duty, a ray will beam from the Bible. Walk according to its precepts, and no harm will come upon you. Let it be the beacon light of your earthly habitation, that all of your household may believe and live.

SCHOLARS.

COSTLY apparatus and splendid cabinets have no magical power to make scholars. In all circumstances, as a man is, under God, the master of his own fortune, so is he the maker of his own mind. The Creator has so constituted the human intellect that it can only grow by its own action; and by its own action and free will, it will certainly and necessarily grow. Every man must, therefore, educate himself. His book and teacher are but helps; the work is his. A man is not educated till he has the ability to summon, in an emergency, all his mental powers in vigorous exercise to effect its proposed object. The greatest of all warriors in the siege of Troy had not the preëminence because nature had given strength and he carried the largest bow, but because self-discipline had taught him how to bend it.—

Daniel Webster.

"KISS ME, MOTHER, FOR I'M A CHRISTIAN NOW."

JOSEY S. was a lovely, intelligent young lady, refined, cultivated, and an accomplished teacher in a public school in the immediate vicinity of Boston.

Perhaps the demands upon her strength were too severe; at any rate, the bloom gradually faded from her cheek, and the elastic step grew slow and lingering, and by and by our hearts felt sad when her name was mentioned, for with it came a fear of what might be in store for us, who loved her as a friend, and for those whose hearts were bound up in hers.

She was not a professor of religion, but seemed, like the young man in the Gospel, to "lack only one thing." Nay, she seemed even nearer the kingdom than he, for she acknowledged her need of Christ, his claims upon her, and, although the full surrender of her heart was not made, she disclaimed all hope of acceptance through her own worth or worthiness.

She was a diligent student of the Bible, and a constant attendant upon public worship and the Bible class, and her pastor and teacher felt sure of earnest attention and eager interest in their instructions from one, at least, of their number. Still, as we have said, there was a *something* wanting, she was not happy in the Lord, she was not strengthening herself in him, remained in an almost passive state, quietly waiting to see how it was to be with her. Her friends looked upon her with bursting hearts, and an agonizing cry went up from many lips, that she might be aroused from this state of apathy ere it should be *too late*.

All at once, as if in answer to this prayer, she awoke from the lethargy which had oppressed her, and looking her friends in the face, said, "Is there *danger*, do you think?"

One morning her Christian physician kindly but faithfully informed her that there was "*no hope*. She must die, and *soon*!"

"How soon?" she asked calmly.

"Within a few days, at farthest."

"Then will you please call at my pastor's when you go out, and ask him to come and see me *now*?"

He was soon at her side, and in answer to his inquiries as to her feelings in view of death, which she now knew was approaching, she said, "I am not distressed about it. If I felt prepared, I should not dread it at all."

"What, then," said her pastor, "does a soul *need* as preparation?"

"Why, repentance and faith of course; but I have no faith in a *death-bed* repentance. If I should get well, perhaps I should do as before."

"And, my friend," said he, kindly, "you have no time or energy to spend on this question. Do not think of it. The only important question for you now is, that your repentance is genuine, and your faith leads you to Christ. Do you think there is any other way to do but to commit yourself as a sinner to *Christ* as a Savior?"

"I know it," said she; "that is what I have been trying to do, but don't see how to accomplish. I do not feel myself a *great* sinner. I do not feel *deeply* enough."

"All your feelings are inadequate. You never can feel as fully as the case requires, and your Savior does not require it. He only requires you to feel that you are a sinner and need a Savior."

"I feel that I have been *moral*, but I have not loved the Lord *first* and served him *most*. I have no confidence in any thing for acceptance with God but Christ's work."

"Then can you not now put your whole trust in him and be happy in his love?"

"If I could but see *how*!"

"How do you trust in your mother?"

"I can see her; but every thing seems distant and obscure when I try to cast myself on Christ."

"No," was the reply, "you do not see in your mother what you rely upon. It is not in her head or footstep, but in her *soul*, which you never saw."

"That is so; and will you not pray that I may be enabled to see and understand this?"

"I will. And will not you, while I pray, endeavor to surrender yourself wholly to Christ, so that he may be fully accepted as your Savior?"

"Yes, I will. I will try."

Her mother and her pastor knelt in prayer, and he tried to express the feeling she should have toward Christ. He felt that the Lord would not deny the request, when he said, "Lord, help her now to give herself up wholly and forever to thee. Lord Jesus, take her heart, take it now, for eternity and heaven."

After prayer, with intense earnestness, she exclaimed, "*Take it, take it now. Did you say that, pastor, and will he take it if I only give it up to him?*"

"Yes, Josey, that is what he has long been waiting to do, just as soon as you would give it to him?"

"O, then," said she, "I do, and will; and will he *take* it? I have always felt as if I must go a long way and carry that or *something* to him. I see it all in a new light. I am *perfectly* happy. Come, mother, and kiss me. I hope I am a Christian now."

From that hour her chamber of sickness was as the gate of heaven. No sadness could be there with that face of seraphic loveliness, over which the sunshine of heaven's peace was diffused, and with the songs of the rejoicing attendant angels, waiting to bear her freed spirit above, almost heard.

"Sing, sing! *Do sing*," she would say. "I am so happy, I want to hear singing all the time. The Lord has been *so good to take my heart*. O, why did I not give it to him before? I did not believe he could want it."

But not of herself alone did she think—for her friends, especially those two, best beloved of all—next to her parents—those two who were ever by her side, and from whom she seemed inseparable—friend and lover she might well call them—for these she prayed and labored all those last hours, and sought to bring them to that dear Savior she had found. "Think what a risk *I* have run, and do not you delay giving your hearts, now in health and strength, to Christ."

And so, with songs, and prayers, and thanksgivings, she went home.

Dear reader, the design of this writing has not been accomplished if you have not perceived its true point; that years of seeking will never make a Christian. It is only *giving*—giving up the soul wholly and without reserve to Him *whose it is*, that makes a Christian. You should, if you have not, as now, in perfect health, what you would be obliged to do if you had but an hour to live—what Josey S. did—stop doubting, and fearing, and trying, and only *believe*.

THE INDIAN MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

BY EMMA M. BALLARD.

WHERE the rushing, foaming billows
Of a noble river glide,
With the gently-swaying willows
Flinging shadows o'er its tide,

By its darkly-gleaming water,
On the lovely flower-decked shore,
Sat an Indian chieftain's daughter
Mourning for the days of yore—

For the days when, through the wildwood,
Through the forest and the glade,
She had wandered in her childhood,
Unmolested, unafraid;

When the red man down the river
Floated in his light canoe,
With his arrows and his quiver
Hunted the dark forest through.

Once the sun its bright rays darted
O'er lands where no white man trod;
Now, the Indian, broken-hearted,
Sadly pressed his native sod.

With the fires of anger flashing
From her dark and piercing eye,
Scornfully the tear drops dashing,
Checking every rising sigh,

Wild and fearful words she uttered
In that still, sequestered place,
Wrathful imprecations muttered
On the white man and his race.

"Time will come, O, pale-faced nation!
When the Spirit, ye call 'God,'
Shall pour woe and desolation
Over all the land so broad.

Blood and carnage, like a river,
Shall sweep o'er thy country wide,
Making hearts with anguish quiver,
Bearing death-groans on its tide."

Then her voice grew low, and sadness
Lingered o'er the maiden's words;
Hushed seemed every note of gladness
'Mong the warbling forest birds.

E'en the dark trees seemed to listen;
Lower bent their stately heads;
Bright with hues that on them glisten
When the sun its last beams sheds.

"I am weary," said the maiden,
"Like some bird lost from its home;
All my song is sorrow laden
As I through this forest roam.

Farewell! O, thou foaming river!
With thy lovely flow'r-decked shore;
Farewell! ay, farewell forever!
I shall greet thee nevermore.

For I feel that I am drifting
Onward to Death's silent shores;
Soon, these tired hands uplifting,
I shall drop life's weary oars.

Soon I'll reach those sunny islands,
In the far-off shining sea,
Where, upon their blooming highlands,
I shall roam forever free.

There the smiles of the Great Spirit
Shall repay the Indian's wrong;
Brighter homes they shall inherit
Than the ones they loved so long.

Farewell, then, O rolling river!
Farewell rock, and tree, and shore!
Farewell! yes, farewell forever,
I shall greet you—Nevermore."

No act falls fruitless; none can tell
How vast its powers may be;
Nor what results infolded dwell
Within it silently.

ROGER WILLIAMS.

BY REV. J. H. M'CARTY, A. M.

SECOND PAPER.

WE have seen in a former paper that Mr. Williams was, at the time of, or just before, his coming to America, a minister in the Church of England, but that he forfeited his relations to that Church and espoused the cause of the Puritans. He could not have been a minister of any kind very long, for he was quite young when he first set foot on American soil. He was born in Wales in 1606. He entered Charter-House School in 1621, and embarked for America in December, 1630, arriving, as before stated, in 1631, February 5th, when he was but twenty-five years of age; and, being a "young minister," a "godly and zealous man," at once found favor with the people.

But he does not appear in history so much in the character of preacher as writer and legislator. Even in the colony of Rhode Island he was not the main pulpit orator. The great idea of his mind, the great passion of his heart, was freedom—first, liberty to worship God according to the dictates of his conscience; and, second, to secure the disseverance of the Church from the State—"soul liberty," as he called it.

Mr. Williams appears to considerable advantage as a writer, as I shall try to show. The reader must make allowance for the quaint phraseology of the times. He was the author of seven separate works, none of which were very large. These were all printed in England except one, which must have been a very great barrier to authorship, involving an amount of travel and inconvenience that few would feel called upon to incur. This probably was the reason why several other manuscripts of Mr. Williams never met the public eye.

The writings of Roger Williams are not accessible to the general reader, and consequently are but little known. Indeed, their titles are not even found in the ordinary bibliographical manuals, save the slightest allusion to portions of them in one or two. No library in the world contains full copies of his works in their original editions. Some are contained in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, in the British Museum, and in those of Harvard, Yale, and Brown Universities. In several instances these volumes have only been procured by reprinting portions. The library of Brown University contains only five of his works, three of which have been obtained from a private individual. It is a seeming reflection on his friends that the writings of Mr. Williams have never been re-

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published in full. This must be placed to the account of the *no-monument* association. Perhaps the reason is to be found in the fact that these writings would not be of any very practical importance to this generation. They could only be of use from historical considerations, and as monumental of their author.

The first published work of Mr. Williams was called the "Key"—"A Key into the Language of America, or an Help to the Language of the Natives in that part of America called New England; together with briefe observations of the Customes, Manners, and Worships, &c., of the aforesaid Natives, in Peace and Warre, in Life and Death. On all which are added Spirituall Observations, General and Particular, by the Authour, of Chiefe and Speciall Use (upon all occasions) to all the English inhabiting those parts; yet pleasant and profitable to the view of all men. By Roger Williams, of Providence, in New England. London: printed by Gregory Dexter, 1643."

I have transcribed this title in full, as a specimen of the style of the times in which it was written.

This work was written at sea, during a voyage to England, in 1643, and was designed more as a help to his own memory than for publication—as he says, "that he might not lightly lose what he had so dearly bought in some few yeares hardship and charges among the barbarians." This work comprises two hundred and sixteen pages duodecimo, and is dedicated to his "deare and well-beloved friends and countrymen in Old and New England." It is the best known of Mr. Williams's works, and is still the highest authority on the subjects of which it treats. This work has been honored with a republication among the collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Copies are also contained in the libraries of Oxford, Harvard, and in the British Museum.

The race of men that spoke the language to which this work is a key has passed away from the hills and forests of New England, but the language itself has been saved from oblivion by the labors of Roger Williams, and handed down to be the study of philologists of our own and other lands—a language, which though spoken by savages, and composed of words well called endless, with sentences of the most unique structure, was, notwithstanding, a copious and versatile language.

Mr. Williams was here very closely allied to John Elliot, the apostle to the Indians, whose "Grammar" and "Indian Bible" have made his name memorable among the world's missionaries.

The second work of Mr. Williams was a reply to Mr. Cotton. The latter, a minister of the Church in Boston, wrote and printed a "Letter," addressed to Roger Williams, wherein he attempted to prove that "those ought to be received into the Church who are godly, though they do not see, nor expressly bewaile all the polutions in Church fellowship, Ministry, Worship, and Government." In this letter Mr. Cotton vindicates the action of the magistrate in banishing Williams, though, as if feeling somewhat condemned on account of it, he denies having had any agency in the matter. The spirit of Mr. Williams is well shown from the following extract from the title of his reply to Cotton, and from the address to the reader. One hardly knows in some portions of it which most to admire—the Christ-like spirit of its author, or the wit and logic which fill its pages. The work is a small quarto of forty-seven pages, preceded by an address of two pages, printed in London, 1644. Mr. Williams addresses the "Impartial Reader" as follows:

"This Letter I have received from Mr. Cotton (whom for his personal excellencies I truly honour and love.) Yet at such a time of my distressed wanderings amongst the barbarians, that being destitute of food, of clothes, at times, I reserved it (though hardly, amidst so many barbarous distractions) and afterwards prepared an answer to be returned.

"In the interim some friends being much grieved that one publickly acknowledged to be godly, and dearly beloved, should yet be so exposed to the mercy of an howling wilderness in frost and snow, &c. Mr. Cotton, to take off the edge of censure from himself, protest both in speech and writing that he was no procurer of my sorrows.

"Some letters then passed between us, in which I proved and expressed, that if I had perished in that sorrowful Winter's flight, only the blood of Jesus Christ could have washed him from the guilt of mine.

"His finall answer was, 'had you perished your blood had been on your owne head—it was your sinne to procure it, and your sorrow to suffer it.'

"Here I confess I stopt and ever since supprest mine answer; waiting if it might please the Father of Mercies more to mollifie and soften, and render more humane and mercifull, the care and heart of that (otherwise) excellent and worthy man.

"It cannot now be justly offensive, that, finding this letter publike, (by whose procurement I know not,) I also present to the same publike view my formerly-intended answer."

The colony of Roger Williams was now the rival of Plymouth. Lying on the lovely Narragansett, with excellent harbors, studded with fertile islands, and surrounded with barbarians no more hostile, to say the least, than those of Plymouth, with a climate farther removed from the sea, hence more genial, it became an attraction, and many who came to the New World undecided yielded to the drawing of the Eldorado of human freedom, which is always more precious to the soul of man than gold. Among the Puritans of England were many Anabaptists. Many of this sect were among the veterans of Oliver Cromwell. Baxter said "the Anabaptists were Oliver's favorites in conflict, and they were a godly set of men." Many of these came and settled at Plymouth, Boston, Salem, and other places. Williams was an intensely-earnest man. His colony grew in numbers and importance, but the fires of persecution did not die out for a long time.

While he was in England obtaining the charter for his colony from the court of Charles I, he read a pamphlet entitled "An Humble Supplication to the King's Majesty, as it was presented in 1620." This document was written by one imprisoned in Newgate for conscience' sake. And so rigid and close was the confinement of the author, that all facilities for writing were denied him. But the human mind is inventive. Sheets of paper were accordingly sent to the prisoner as stoppers to the bottles which contained his daily allowance of milk. On these he wrote his thoughts in milk, and returned the sheets in the same way. By holding these to the fire the writing became legible, and thus the prisoner "being dead" in prison "yet spoke" to mankind. The arguments were strong, and took possession of the mind of Williams, who, on his return to America, used them against the persecuting Puritans of Boston. This drew forth Mr. Cotton as a defender of the faith. In 1644 Mr. Williams published his third volume, a work of two hundred and forty-seven pages, with twenty-four pages of table and introduction.

The title of the work was, "The Bloody Tenent of Persecution for Cause of Conscience, discussed in a Conference between Truth and Peace, who in all tender Affection present to the High Court of Parliament (as the Result of their Discourse) these (among other passages) of the highest Consideration." This work bears all the marks of haste, having been written amid a pressure of other and weighty duties. It is, however, considered to be the best of all his writings. The doctrine of religious freedom is here discussed with a manly

vigor and courage that shows him to have been not unlike the great reformers Luther and Knox, while at the same time those pages contain images and passages of rare beauty.

Mr. Cotton replied to Mr. Williams's "Bloody Tenent," in a work entitled "The Bloody Tenent washed and made white in the Blood of the Lambe; being discussed and discharged of Blood guiltinesse by just defense. Wherein the great questions of this present time are handled; namely, How farre liberty of conscience ought to be given to those that truly fear God; and how far restrained to turbulent and pestilent persons that not only raze the foundation of Godliness, but disturb the civil peace where they live. Also, how far the magistrate may proceed in the duties of the first Table; and that all magistrates ought to study the Word and Will of God, that they may frame their Government according to it, etc. By John Cotton, Batchelor in Divinity, and Teacher of the Church of Christ in Boston, in New England."

Mr. Williams entitled his rejoinder to this work of Cotton's "The Bloody Tenent yet more Bloody, by Mr. Cotton's endeavor to wash it white in the Blood of the Lambe; of whose precious Blood spilt in the Blood of his servants, and of the Blood of millions Spilt in former and later Wars for conscience' Sake, that most Bloody Tenent of persecution for cause of Conscience, upon a Second Tryall is found now more apparently, and more notoriously guilty." In this work he discusses three propositions:

"1. The Nature of Persecution.

"2. The Power of the Civil Sword in Spirituals.

"3. The Parliament's Permission of Dessenting Consciences justified."

In both these works the authors manifest a good degree of scholarship, and a mildness of spirit quite in contrast with their "Bloody" titles, and the usual controversial writings of the day.

In the same year of the publication of the foregoing work, Mr. Williams printed a work entitled "The Hireling Ministry none of Christ's." This is a small quarto of only 36 pages of text and 8 pages of introduction. This pamphlet is regarded as extremely valuable, containing as it does the author's peculiar views on the ministry. In this work the author says, "I have not been altogether a stranger to the learning of the Egyptians, and have trod the hopefulest paths to worldly preferment, which for Christ's sake I have forsaken. I know what it is to study, to preach, to be an elder, to be applauded; and yet what it is to tug at the oar, to dig with the spade, and to plow, and to labor, and to travel day and night among En-

glish, among barbarians! Why should I not be humbly bold to give my witness faithfully, to give my counsel effectually, and to persuade with some truly-pious and conscientious spirits, rather to turn to law, to physic, to soldiery, to educating of children, (and yet not cease from prophesying,) than to live under the slavery, yea, the censure (from Christ Jesus and his saints, and others also) of a mercenary and hireling ministry?" By "hireling ministry" he means a Church supported by taxation. One of the propositions he discusses is, that "Ministers ought to be supported by voluntary donations, and not by legal provisions."

Roger Williams has been called eccentric—in that day he was so; he lived in advance of his age, and his opinions were new; but that he was a sincerely-devout and pious man can not be successfully denied. His sufferings for conscience, his labors among the red men of Narragansett, all his discussions go to show this. But his sixth published work is, if possible, a stronger proof. This was a small quarto of 60 pages, addressed in the form of a letter to his wife, Mary, upon her recovery from a dangerous sickness, in which he begins by saying, "My dearest love, companion in this vale of tears." The subject of the work is as follows: "Experiments of Spiritual Life and Health, and their Preservatives, in which the weakest child of God may get Assurance of his Spiritual Life and Blessedness, and the strongest may find proportionable discoveries of his Christian growth and Means of it." The seventh and last work of Mr. Williams was printed at home in 1676. Of this work I have little to say. It was the substance of a discussion between Williams and the celebrated, but fanatic George Fox, the Quaker. In the quaint phraseology of the times, Williams styled his work of 327 pages "George Fox digged out of his Burrowes," etc. Fox and his associate, Burnett, published their side also, which was entitled "A New England Firebrand Quenched." Both sides, as is generally the case, claimed the victory.

The discussion was carried on for some time at Providence and Newport, with a bitterness on the part of Williams and a coarseness on the part of Fox that have injured rather than conferred any benefit upon the reputation of both parties.

Mr. Williams wrote much that has been lost to the public. His treatise concerning the Patent which excited the displeasure of the Government of Plymouth Colony, and led to his banishment, also a collection of Sermons preached before the "English scattered around Narragansett," which, in a letter to Governor Bradstreet,

he signified his intention of publishing, are now beyond the reach of man.

He held an extensive correspondence with the leading men of his times, and many of his letters on various subjects are contained in various historical annals. These letters will soon be collected and given to the world in a form worthy their author.

There is no portrait of Roger Williams extant. That which is often seen is an altered picture of Benjamin Franklin, as a little inspection will show. Mr. Williams died in the year 1683, aged seventy-seven years. He was President of the Colony of Rhode Island two and a half years. He was buried with martial honors, and the smoke of the musketry temporarily hovering over his grave formed as permanent a mark of respect as was ever bestowed to honor it.

Ninety years after his death, in 1771, steps were taken to erect to him some suitable monument, but the storms of the Revolution came on and the work was forgotten. But recently the question has been agitated anew, and Williams may yet have at least some outward sign to mark his greatness and perpetuate his name. During a period of one hundred and eighty-three years not even a rough stone has been set up to mark the grave of the founder of Rhode Island, till the precise locality of his grave had been almost forgotten, and could only be ascertained by the most careful investigation. Suffice it to say, however, the spot was found, and the exhumation made a short time ago—though there was little to exhume. On scraping off the turf from the surface of the ground, the dim outlines of seven graves, contained within less than one square rod, revealed the burial-ground of Roger Williams. In colonial times each family had its own burial-ground, which was usually near the family residence. Three of these seven graves were those of children, the remaining four were adults. The easterly grave was identified as that of Mr. Williams. On digging down into the "charnel house," it was found that every thing had passed into oblivion. The shapes of the coffins could only be traced by a black line of carbonaceous matter the thickness of the edges of the sides of the coffins, with their ends distinctly defined. The rusted remains of the hinges and nails, with a few fragments of wood and a single round knot, was all that could be gathered from his grave. In the grave of his wife there was not a trace of any thing save a single lock of braided hair which had survived the lapse of more than one hundred and eighty years. Near the grave stood a venerable apple-tree,

when and by whom planted is not known. This tree had sent two of its main roots into the graves of Mr. and Mrs. Williams. The larger root had pushed its way through the earth till it reached the precise spot occupied by the skull of Roger Williams. There making a turn as if going round the skull, it followed the direction of the backbone to the hips. Here it divided into two branches, sending one along each leg to the heel, where they both turned upward to the toes. One of these roots formed a slight crook at the knee, which makes the whole bear a very close resemblance to a human form. This singular root is preserved with great care, not only as an illustration of a great principle in vegetation, but for its great historic association. There were the graves, emptied of every particle of human dust! Not a trace of any thing was left! It is known to chemistry that all flesh, and the gelatinous matter giving consistency to the bones, are resolved into carbonic acid gas, water, and air, while the solid lime dust usually remains. But in this case even the phosphate of lime of the bones of both graves was all gone! There stood the "guilty apple-tree," as was said at the time, caught in the very act of "robbing the grave."

To explain this phenomenon is not the design of this article. Such an explanation could be given, and many other similar cases adduced. But this fact must be admitted: the organic matter of Roger Williams had been transmuted into the apple-tree; it had passed into the woody fiber and was capable of propelling a steam-engine; it had bloomed in the apple blossoms, and had become pleasant to the eye; and more, it had gone into the fruit from year to year, so that the question might be asked, who ate Roger Williams?

There was but little to place in the cinerary urn, but what there was has been sacredly treasured, and the time will doubtless come when the founder of Rhode Island, the first theologian in the world that ever theoretically advocated the separation of "Church and State," the champion of "soul liberty," the first statesman who practically established religious freedom as the constitutional basis of civil government, shall be honored by his followers with some outward mark in keeping with the value we place on the principles which he so permanently established.

The words of the eloquent Dr. W. E. Channing, in his eulogium on Roger Williams, are not inappropriate in this place:

"Other communities have taken pride in tracing their origin to heroes and conquerors. I boast more of Roger Williams, the founder of

my native State. The triumph which he gained over the prejudices of his age was, in the view of reason, more glorious than the bloody victories which stain almost every page of history; and his more generous exposition of the rights of conscience, of the independence of religion on the magistrate, than had been adopted before his time, gives him a rank among the lights and benefactors of the world. When I think of him as penetrating the wilderness, not only that he might worship God according to his own convictions of truth and duty, but that he might prepare an asylum where the persecuted of all sects might enjoy the same religious freedom, I see in him as perfect an example of the spirit of liberty as any age has furnished. Venerable confessor in the cause of freedom and truth! May his name be precious and immortal! May his spirit never die in the community which he founded! May the obscurest individual, and the most unpopular sect or party, never be denied those free utterances of their convictions, on which this state is established!"

In conclusion let me add, Never were democratic institutions dearer to the American heart than they are to-day. During the last four years we have learned to love and prize the republic of our fathers. When these institutions were endangered by the crimson hand of treason, we were willing to lay half a million of our best young men—our greatest men—on the altar of war, if thereby our flag might be saved from dishonor, and our freedom be preserved. We now breathe freer. The sound of war does not echo along our valleys, our blood no longer stains the earth, the angel of peace spreads her soft wings over the land, and we thank God for victory, not over men so much, as the triumph of right, and the freedom of the oppressed.

Let us not forget the men of the by-gone days, who, in tears, and sorrow, and blood, laid the foundation stones of the great republic on which we are now building up an empire of freedom that shall embrace in its arms the universal race of man.

SELF-EXAMINATION.

IF we decline or refuse to call ourselves frequently to account, and to use daily advices concerning the state of our souls, it is a very ill sign that our souls are not right with God, or that they do not dwell in religion. But this I shall say, that they who do use this exercise frequently, will make their consciences much at ease.

"A MAN OF SORROWS."

BY MRS. E. A. B. MITCHELL.

WHILE such a record shall remain,
Whate'er our grief, whate'er our pain,
How can we murmur or complain!

"A man of sorrows," who may know
What bitter depths of human woe
Our Savior suffered here below!

What days of toil, what nights of prayer!
In pitying love He came to share
Our every burden, every care.

Think of the heavy cross He bore,
The piercing crown of thorns He wore,
Think of the nails, the spear, the gore!

And with such memories as these,
O, who could ask a life of ease,
Or live one hour but self to please?

Since Jesus suffered pain is sweet,
It brings me lower at his feet;
In closer sympathy we meet.

Ah, grief and anguish, what are ye,
But fragrance floating back to me,
From thy dear bowers, Gethsemane!

Low at the cross my heart I bring,
And there a song of triumph sing,
Yet glory but in suffering.

SUBMISSION.

BY MRS. E. L. BICKNELL.

"I CAN not lay thee down, my sweet,
Into a bed so dark and cold,
My daughter, nevermore to greet,
And never to my heart infold."

"I can not give thee up to die,
My husband, noble, brave, and true;
To hear my stricken children cry—
To weep o'er thee, a last adieu."

A maiden, sobbing o'er the bier
Where lay her mother's pallid face—
"How can I leave thee resting here,
To feel at home thy vacant place?"

"Ah, dead! for whom I could have died;
My only son, in manhood's prime,
Thou wert the hope, the staff of pride,
Where I might lean in coming time."

"How can I live! alone, alone—
The last heart loving me is cold.
Nor death, nor sorrow pity shown;
O'er my bare head have tempests rolled."

And thus, the wail of earth is heard—
For hearts are selfish in their woe;
They listen not the Healer's word—
Submission, to a righteous blow.

All human strength is helplessness,
In this fierce strife of death and love.
The Chastener's hand alone can bless,
The power of meek submission prove.

SISTER ALICE.

BY MISS T. TAYLOR.

THE parting words were uttered, and the land of our birth and unfortunate life receded forever from many an eye strained to catch the last glimpse of the land where they have suffered or enjoyed life. As the ship that bore us every instant farther away slipped from her moorings and bounded like a thing of life upon the gliding waters, I heard around me sobs and choking farewells falling from swelling hearts; tears fell from my own eyes. I wept with others, though in the shouts of farewell that came wafting from the shore, there came to me no friendly voice of cheer or regret, to bid a Godspeed to sister Alice and myself.

She, my only protector in the wide world, bent down to me, and with those sheltering arms, that had always striven to shield me from the storms of our life, promised to be all to me she ever had been—how could she be more? For to me my sister Alice was father, mother, sister, brother; no need had I or wish for other friends save for her sake, to whom thus far life had not been easy. I stroked the beautiful face and soft, golden hair, and prayed, as I did morning and night, that she might never be taken from me. Our parents died long before, and left me, a poor, helpless, weakly child, to her care; our aunt Hannah received her into her family, but idle hands and a useless body were always stumbling-blocks in her path. I was a stumbling-block. She died, and we lost our only friend on that side of the Atlantic.

Distant friends, my mother's relatives, had offered us a home with them across the wide ocean, and the first night passed on its bosom was spent in vain regrets for an unpleasant past and vague fears for the future. When sister Alice clasped me in her arms, there alone, in all the wide world, I felt secure; there alone my own weakness, inefficiency, and anxiety were all forgotten in her; with her alone had I perfect love and trust.

Our voyage was long, but not dangerous. Before we reached our destined port, and before we left the ship, every soul on board who had come in contact with my sister Alice, learned to love and respect her. Rough, old sailors lifted their hats respectfully when she passed, and never was a kindly word forgotten to be given to any. Children hovered around her, old men and women, the stern stock of Puritanism and intolerance, grimly blessed her for her kind offices proffered and given in the spirit of Christian love and charity. To all men,

wherever she went, the light of a beautiful and lovely soul shed its influence. The kindly sympathy she invoked brought kindness to me, which never otherwise would have been secured.

The storms, winds, and delays of our voyage were finally over, and one morning in the distance the land of our adoption was visible to those who had been anxiously watching for the first glimpse of their future homes. We soon rode safely in the harbor of Boston, and a shout of joy rang through the decks of the John Milton as the city lay before us in the beautiful twilight of a June evening; very unlike the crowded city far behind in memory and distance, but nestling beautifully in its wreaths of green foliage. I gazed apprehensively beyond in the distant dim forests and stones of the red man's path; and his terrible vengeance and cruelty filled my childish heart. No busy hum of trade greeted our ears. Near us on an anchored vessel the sailors sang lustily a song as they pulled the ropes, and across the water from the beautiful town came the lowing of kine and the peaceful tinkle of their bells.

In this scene, with beauty beneath, and above, and around, in sea, heaven, and atmosphere, there came to my heart an indescribable anguish and longing, with a knowledge of its certain impossibility for the painful life of my old home. Sister Alice, bright, grateful, hopeful for every little blessing that touched her path, strove to bear me up against my own sad heart and will so directly opposed to her own healthy nature.

"To-morrow, Mabel dear, we will see our new home; does not this beautiful evening and scene promise well for our future?" For her sake I tried to hide my gloomy heart and follow the example of my sweet sister Alice.

When we left the ship many good wishes followed us. Tawny Jack, an old sailor to whom sister Alice had been particularly thoughtful, came to us before we left with many offers of good-will and protection, carrying our luggage and depositing it in a retired spot, and expressed a determination not to leave us till we were safe in the care of our friends. A motley crowd had gathered to welcome the new-comers. Smiles and tears were shed, voices of welcome were heard, but no friendly face or voice sought the strangers in a strange land. A half hour passed wearily away; hours that time seemed to us who anxiously sought a welcome to our new home. I believe sister Alice's bright face and heart would have saddened had not my own sadder diverted her attention from her own thoughts to cheering me.

At length, when we were relapsing into a consciousness that no one would greet us, and no welcome existed for us in the stranger crowd by which we were surrounded, a voice near was heard inquiring for persons of our name. Our faithful friend, Tawny Jack, led the inquirer to us.

"Are Mabel and Alice Lee before me?" said the voice of the speaker, a short, thick-built man, with the prim set expression of feature striven for by the Puritan. "Your aunt Judith will receive you at our home as children, trusting your gratitude will amply repay her for her kindness."

The eyes spoke more kindly than the voice. The words of greeting, neither warm nor sympathizing, would have fallen harshly on any other ears than those accustomed from life's dawn to rebuffs. To us they were simply words of greeting, neither ungracious nor courteous. With our trunks and ourselves mounted in the lumbering farm-wagon, we bade Tawny Jack our grateful farewell as he stood, cap in hand, watching us till we passed beyond his sight. Never did blossoms scent the air with greater fragrance, or birds sing more cheerily than on that sweet June morning as our wagon turned into a country road. From the small porch of a long, low-roofed cottage, surrounded by a fruitful garden of mingled flowers and vegetables, my aunt Judith stepped to greet her orphan nieces. My aunt Hannah, coarser, stouter, and gloomier, seemed to stand before me, and in the brief words of welcome we learned that our presence would be tolerated as a necessary evil; and when the bedroom apportioned us, a low, beam-crossed chamber, was gained, tears gushed plentifully from my eyes. Sister Alice mingled hers with mine, but for an instant, and they were quenched hopefully, "and quickly as the morning sunlight drinks the dew from the rose-bud's heart."

"Come, Mabel, this will never do; we will make them love us; if we are unwelcome now, we will not remain so; try, Mabel, dearest, for our sake, for mine, to strive to love and be loved, and we shall be happy in this beautiful land, for O it is so beautiful here! Look from our window."

She drew me near, and we gazed upon the wilderness of beauty that surrounded us. I listened and strove to catch the reflection of her own bright heart; but a thousand misgivings had seized mine and refused to leave. Like the troubled waters, it sent forth dirt and mire.

The first days at my aunt's were not pleasant. We soon found that we were to be considered as hewers of wood and drawers of water

for the relatives whose charity toward us expected to be repaid with compound interest, and that charity was often doled out as pittance to beggars, who existed entirely upon the bounty of others. My uncle, with a stern manner, was naturally a kind-hearted man. My aunt combined with an exact justice the sternest severity of manner, which I never saw for a moment relaxed. Her eldest daughter, a muscular girl of eighteen, almost as dark as one of the aboriginals, inherited her mother's severest characteristics intensified. Heaven forgive me! I learned to consider her a consummate hypocrite; for over all her faults and willful errors she endeavored always to throw the mild covering of religion. Unforgiving, envious, and jealous, she ruled, and at the same time was the element of discord in the household. From the moment we entered her parents' home she considered us as interlopers, and commenced a series of petty persecutions that never ceased. She was the youngest of numerous daughters settled in the neighborhood, and an engagement with James Williams was acknowledged—a strange fancy it seemed for a young man of talent, fine appearance, and a general favorite. But the broad acres of my uncle joined those of the young lover, and it was often hinted that hands, not hearts, would be joined in this match.

From dawn of day till night my sister Alice strove in a thousand ways to win kindly feeling, if not affection, from my cousin Mehetabel. Her offers of assistance were always accepted, though never with thanks or the slightest courtesy. Household duties were taken up one by one. Willingly she bore the burdens, and each day brought increasing toil and care, with a diminution of favor and additional dislike from Mehetabel. Holidays, we had few; the long Puritan Sabbath afternoon was always hailed by me with delight, for then sister Alice was free from labor for a few blessed hours, and we enjoyed each other's society without interruption—these green spots, these havens of rest for body and soul!

One bright day of Summer, by a fortunate combination of circumstances, we found ourselves alone and free to spend an entire afternoon at our pleasure; the family had gone to spend the day with a neighboring relative. A wood, which we had seen from our little window, tempted us to stroll where we had often wished but had never yet had the opportunity of entering. Through a rough, uneven cow-path we walked on, both happy in our quiet enjoyment of an unexpected pleasure. Mosses and ferns grew at our feet; the branches inter-

laced their boughs overhead, through which the sun glinted in flecks of golden light across our path. We found moss-covered stones, and sat down quieted and awed by the death-like stillness and varied beauty of Nature as she is felt in the forest. I plucked some light fern leaves and wove them into a wreath, which I placed upon the brow of my sister Alice. In my childish admiration I told her she looked like an angel; to me she was far more beautiful and lovely than any dream of angelic beauty. A step near startled us, and the lover of my cousin Mehetabel stood beside us.

"I am glad we have met," said Williams to my sister, "but you hide constantly from me; your baking, brewing, sweeping, and thousand other household cares never leave a moment for a kind word, scarcely a glance."

The flush deepened on sister Alice's fair cheek, and she hesitated for a reply. As she rose from her seat, "Stay," said he, detaining her. "Can you not, for a few minutes, give me words of simple kindness, Mistress Alice? What! no word for your cousin Mehetabel's lover?"

With increasing dignity my sister rose and said she would return home immediately; the sun was lowering and duties demanded her presence. He would have seized her hand, but seeing her evident distress, he added gently and respectfully, "From the first time we met, Mistress Alice, I have striven to give you a little kindness; your friends are few and your path none the easiest. Why so carefully and studiously reject my offers of kindness and avoid me whenever we chance to meet?"

So much good heart betrayed itself in his few earnest words, the tears gathered in my childish eyes, and Alice's bright eyes too grew misty, and her voice trembled as she replied, "Many thanks for your kindness, but, Master Williams, we must hurry home, the family will return and find me a sorry housekeeper."

"I started to meet Mehetabel," said he; "we have missed each other. I should have met her; but, Mistress Alice, when Mehetabel and I join hands and acres, for one follows the other, our house shall always be open to you, where you shall no longer be a household drudge."

Alice would have interrupted him, but he continued musingly, "Mehetabel is not always unkind, nor have I found her utterly selfish."

"She is all she should be," exclaimed Alice, rising hastily and turning toward home.

"I suppose you must know, Mistress Alice; and now as I am to stop at the house, surely you can not object to my bearing you company that far."

He strode by my sister's side, evidently neither waiting nor caring for an answer. The thought crossed my mind that he appeared to much better advantage than at the side of the dark-browed, stern-visaged mistress of his hand; but my reflections and our walk were doomed to be unpleasantly interrupted, for as we turned into the road leading from the woods, from the opposite side appeared my uncle, aunt, and Mehetabel. Never did she appear to greater disadvantage than at that moment; her sullen face had an unusually gloomy scowl, which deepened into a look of hateful rage when she saw our companion.

Williams advanced to meet her, neither eager nor deferential in his manner, while Alice, clinging to my hand, endeavored to hurry on.

"I have found the lambs in the woods, Mehetabel, and have brought them safely back to the fold."

"Truly a lamb decorated for sacrifice," sneeringly returned the incensed girl, pointing to my unfortunate fading wreath that still crowned Alice's golden hair.

"I see," coolly returned Williams, "a fit ornament. In returning Mistress Alice in safety I expected thanks, not reproofs."

"Your friends would have been better pleased had you kept your appointment and left the lambs. We have heard of wolves in sheep's clothing."

Sister Alice tore the wreath from her head and threw it far away in the grass, and would have hurried on, when my aunt, who had been a silent, but interested listener, turned upon her, "Truly, Mistress Alice, this is in a maiden unseemly indeed. I was differently reared; modesty and boldness, I was taught, could not unite in a virtuous woman."

"Enough, enough of this," said my uncle; "let no more words be uttered which will afterward cause repentance," and the walk home was concluded in angry silence. Williams, apparently indifferent as to consequences, neither sought to appease nor excite further the enraged Mehetabel, who, by every act, showed jealous resentment plainly.

That night, for the first time since we had left our English home, for the first time for many a long day, I saw traces of tears on my darling sister's cheek. "Mabel," she whispered falteringly, "I sometimes regret ever having left our old land; to-night I have been almost longing to be there; though among strangers, the old home to-night seems very dear." The light of a Summer moon streamed through our little window and shone upon her glistening tears and flushed face, and as she knelt be-

side the open window to seek strength and faith where we could only look for it, the tears rushed plentifully from my own weary eyes, but did not lighten the heavy heart. When Alice rose from prayer her old constant, trusting spirit appeared to have returned, and long after, while I, restless and awake, brooded over real and fancied griefs, she slept soundly beside me.

From that day our home grew no pleasanter. Williams pursued his wooing, but my cousin's sneering indifference of manner did not make him more ardent or devoted. The commonest courtesies were often omitted by one or both. My uncle and aunt noticed the widening estrangement, the latter in grim silence and with an increased asperity toward my sister Alice and myself, while Williams's manner of deferential respect to her added fuel to the flame; and though Alice shrank from every act of attention and scarcely replied with civility to his kind words, they brought intense dislike toward herself. Shrinking from him, from all, sister Alice from morning till night labored more diligently, more faithfully than ever slave under the burning sun of a tropical plantation, and no murmur or complaint ever passed her lips, pressed from a swelling heart.

Spring and Summer came and passed, bringing for her additional toil and duties; but her elastic step never flagged; her hands never turned aside from the daily burden of her life. But I felt that the weight of a never-ending, silent censure, and never-failing sneer, the harsh indifference that sought no moment's happiness for her, covered her life with a dark shadow, and eclipsed the light of her sunny spirit; but we had shelter, food, raiment, and therewith she strove to be content.

One cold December day my sister Alice started on an errand for my cousin to town. Before she returned the air was filled with thick snow-flakes; a heavy fall of snow was setting in, and as I watched anxiously from the kitchen window I saw her coming toward the house plowing through the snow, then ankle deep. She was not alone—Williams walked defiantly by her side, carrying her heavy basket. Sister Alice was the picture of distress, but never appeared distress more beautiful; her brown cloak wreathed with snow-flakes, her blue hood thrown partially aside, and her golden hair beaded with the same ornaments—a burning blush glowing in each cheek, formed a dazzling contrast with the whiteness of her fair face. Well she knew the storm her appearance with her companion would create; had she not, the silent tempest stamped upon the countenances

of my aunt and cousin would have shown it. "Dear aunt," she stammered with clasped hands, "let me explain." "No explanation is needed," sneered Mehetabel, "for it is not the first time the innocent lamb has needed protection"—she turned and left the room as Williams entered, and my aunt, who stood somewhat in fear of his fiery spirit, bade Alice follow her where matters demanded immediate attention.

Three hours later I stood with my sister in our little room; she shivered while she changed her draggled dress, soaked shoes and stockings, but the red flush still stood deeply stamped upon her cheek. A cough followed this exposure, and though Alice never faltered in her duties, I saw with distress what others would not or could not notice, that her slender frame grew slighter, and the constant cough was ever the echo of her presence.

One March Sunday my uncle's family returned from service and announced a day appointed for fasting and prayer for the expulsion of the evil spirit of witchcraft that now stalked boldly forth through the land. Many minds and bodies, they said, were held in cruel bonds by the demons. Williams, who was present, rose from his chair and struck the table near him a great blow with his hand. "If," said he, "this be our religion it will carry us beyond our depth, for if this be continued neither youth nor old age will be safe from persecution; it seems to me Heaven had better be importuned for justice and mercy."

"Wiser and better men than me advise it," said my uncle. "Cotton Mather urges this procedure."

"Well may he pray," retorted Williams impatiently, "for the torch that lights a witch's funeral pile will spread a flame none can quench."

My aunt groaned at this irreverence; my uncle looked as if he would fain, if he dared, agree with these sentiments. Again and again was this subject discussed as the reign of terror and fanaticism prevailed, and the family, at first incredulous, soon fell into the popular error and condemned alike youth or decrepit poverty, wherever they fell victims. A Mr. Borroughs, the clergyman of an adjacent parish, had been accused of witchcraft and awaited his trial in prison. When it was announced, my sister Alice, usually so retiringly modest, started in agitation from her seat and exclaimed a hope that Heaven might defend an innocent man. "You may as well pray for yourself or for me, Mistress Alice," said Williams, "we stand as good a chance as the veriest witch in Salem."

His incredulity irritated Mehetabel. "If," said she, "such fate befall either, it were a just retribution from Heaven for scoffers who set at naught the counsels of the holiest and wisest men." Such attacks were usually unnoticed by Williams, but at this time, unusually provoked, he retorted angrily. Recrimination followed, and a more bitter quarrel than any previous ensued, and they parted in unforgiving anger.

The next morning Mehetabel failed to appear; my aunt returned from her room with a face on which horrible anxiety was depicted. "Our daughter can not leave her bed," she said sinking into a chair. "It is the hand of the Lord"—she covered her face with her hands.

"Speak plainly, wife," said my uncle, "what calamity do you dread?"

"What evil do we all dread?" asked my aunt.

My uncle inquired no farther, but hastily turned to his daughter's room and returned with a troubled, anxious countenance. He rested his head on his hand in painful silence. "Alice," said he at length, "was Williams here yesterday, and did high words pass between them?"

Alice, under the immediate surveillance of my aunt, gave a hasty account of the scene enacted the previous day. He listened in silence, and then bade Alice and myself to keep from annoying Mehetabel by our presence in her room. As the day wore on the intelligence spread through the neighborhood that the evil was working in our midst; old and young, in sympathy or curiosity, thronged to the house, and with them came Williams. "Mistress Alice," asked he abruptly, "they tell me Mehetabel is bewitched. What is all this nonsense? I might have told the fools that a day or more ago; yes, a long time ago I would have said so; and now woe betide the unlucky creature upon whom her vials of wrath are loosened; let me tell you, Mistress, a fact you may have suspected—she has always regarded you with especial disfavor."

Alice looked inexpressibly shocked as he continued: "She had some cause for jealousy, it is true, for I could have made a fool of myself, and you might have treated the fool according to his folly. However, Mehetabel and I have broken faith long since. I believe her vengeance is about to fall on us. I leave for Boston this afternoon. I came," he added, in a bitter tone, "to take leave of my heart's beloved, and of you, Mistress Alice. Do not fear me," he said as Alice shrank from the grasp of the hand that he detained; "let me know how and when I can serve you. I have only kindly

feelings toward you, and would have been a better friend had you permitted it."

He was gone the moment after, and with him went the feeling of protection his presence inspired, leaving a horrible presentiment of impending danger occasioned by his words.

Sister Alice sat down on the low door-step and wept as if her heart was breaking; never had I seen her give way to overwhelming weakness, and I, the pitied, weak creature, tried to gather up my feeble mental and physical strength for her support. "Sister," I whispered, "let us go from this horrible place; let us go now!"

"Where, O where shall we go, Mabel?" she asked through her sobs.

From the sick-room overhead we distinctly heard Alice! Alice! screamed vehemently; the echo rang through the house. Waiting no longer, ignorant as to fate and consequences, sick at heart and trembling with an apprehension of evil, we fled, homeless wanderers. We entered the woods near the house, and walking and running till breathless, we were beyond the sight and sound of our recent shelter. We sat down with the earth at our feet and heavens overhead, exhausted and faint. Excitement had given me unusual strength, and now the reaction followed. "Where shall we go? What shall we do?" were the questions I wished to ask and dared not, fearful of my answer. Sister Alice sat with her head bowed hopelessly for a long time, and when she raised it and met my inquiring glance, I saw a glimmer of hope. "Mabel, we will go to Boston and find Jack; we will ask him to take us in for the present; he has a kind heart, and will be kind to us, as he promised; we can not return to our uncle's; there is no longer a home for us with him."

"Williams," I whispered hesitatingly. The color rose to her face.

"No, no, Mabel, we must not think for a moment of accepting his offices of kindness."

It was noon when we left our uncle's house, and daylight was fading when we entered the narrow streets of the town of Boston. Forlorn and wearied, we strove to pass unnoticed through the busiest part of the town, and though many a curious glance was bestowed upon us we reached the wharf without molestation. At the low, narrow, wooden building where we inquired, we learned with joy that Jack was in port and at home. An old sailor, a friend and assistant comrade, made us welcome. Jack was out but would soon return—an invitation that was only extended to be accepted by the poor wanderers, who, for hours,

had felt that, homeless and friendless, they were cast upon the wide world. When Jack returned his unfeigned pleasure and heart-felt welcome were unmistakable. In a few brief words sister Alice explained our present painful situation, and begged that he would shelter us till other arrangements could be made. "Till you get tired of my poor home it is yours, my young mistress," said Jack, "a poor, sorry one it is; but here I am, and my friend Jem, he has lost one arm in good service, and the other is at your service, I'll be bound." The deaf old friend, who had listened attentively, and as attentively watched his comrade's face, nodded his head approvingly.

Jack prepared our supper, and in a humble bed, in this new and novel place, confident of present safety, I slept soundly through the night after the weary fatigue of that day, waking but once to find my sister Alice pacing nervously the narrow room, her hollow cough echoing through my sleep as weariness drove me again to slumber. The next morning Jack, with anxious solicitude, provided for our wants. "I must go out, mistress," said he to Alice, "but mind that you keep within doors; keep quiet and low for a day or two and no harm will reach you."

"But," replied my sister, "we can not think of living in this way upon your kindness; let me go to-day and seek employment; I may find some one who will accept my services."

"Not this day, nor the next, nor next, my young lady; and since you have put yourselves under my colors, no disobeying orders; I'll see that the storm does not come on too sudden while you are with me."

He soon left us, not without extracting a promise that we would not disregard his command. A long and only partially-understood conversation was held with Jem, who, anxious to assist, listened, and winked, and nodded vigorously, as if it were clear as daylight. "All right," shouted Jack in his ear as he moved off.

"Is n't this pleasant, sister Alice?" I cried wild with excitement and my feeling of perfect security. "Never, never let us return to that fearful place."

"It is only a resting-place, Mabel," said Alice sadly. "We can not remain here long, and Heaven alone knows what our next change may be."

The day wore on; my spirits were as gay as the brightest day of my life, while sister Alice was thoughtful and quiet, and the burning spot in the center of each cheek burnt like watch-fires of distress. Repeatedly she paced the

small apartment, turning to me from time to time for a mute caress.

The longest day will pass away, and at sunset I stood watching the going down of the sun beyond the broad surface of the waters. A knock was unheard by Jem, who, deaf to ordinary appeals, took no notice of this. "It must be Jack," I exclaimed. "Sister Alice, I will run and let him in." Without waiting for a reply I opened the upper part of the old-fashioned door and stood aghast as my uncle and three strangers stood before me, regarding me with an air of sad triumph.

"I must see your sister Alice," said my uncle. "Is Williams here?" he inquired.

I should have flown at the sound of his voice, now terrible to me, but fear palsied my tongue and paralyzed my limbs, as they entered without interruption.

"Mistress Alice," said he sternly, "we have come to arrest you in the name of justice and humanity, and your companion Williams, who together are torturing my poor child, till soul and body are well-nigh parting."

A wild scream from the pallid creature rang through the air, as she sank senseless at the feet of her persecutors. The old sailor was impotent at that hour, for physical strength alone in that danger was useless; it needed more than will and courage to assist the innocent—none, save God, was with the orphan in that dark hour. In rage, despair, and anguish I clung desperately to the knees of the men who lifted my sister's form from the floor and carried her away. In frenzy I called them murderers, and shouted that her death would rest upon their souls. If compassion touched their hearts they dared not yield to its dictates, but bore her away to the vile prison, where, with other unfortunate victims, she would await the form of a trial where the verdict was drawn and given from the moment the prison doors closed upon the doomed.

I followed the crowd that speedily collected and escorted the witch to her prison, her new home. My strength was nearly exhausted, when I felt myself forcibly lifted with a strong arm, and borne swiftly away from the crowd. No thought of my own personal danger crossed my mind. To be with my sister, to share her privations, danger, death, if that came, I asked but for this. No answer was returned to my entreaties, and when away from observation and I was set down upon my feet, I found that Williams was my companion. "Tell me now," said he fiercely, "all that has happened since yesterday morning." His face darkened and his clinched hand moved nervously, as I recounted

as best I could the events of the past twenty-four hours. Williams murmured, "I wish that the story of my being with her was true, I would have wrenched her from their blood-thirsty hands."

We sat down on a bank by the roadside. I had a firm belief in his friendship and a vague idea that he could extricate us from our present difficulties. He seemed absorbed in deep thought for some time, and finally rose and led me through the outskirts of the town, till we stood before Jack's humble door. "Now, Mabel, listen and understand what I say; all that I can do shall be done to save your sister. They will question you; be careful how you reply, and do not mention my name, or having seen me; it will only tell against her; keep up a brave heart and perhaps all will come out well."

Jack opened the door. "O," he exclaimed, "if I only had been home, if I only had been here, I would have saved the dear young mistress."

"Take care of this child," said Williams hastily; "see that she is provided for, and you will be rewarded."

"I have the first right to her; I promised her sister that she should be cared for; I need no reward," he added proudly. A whispered conversation followed, and I learned then that for the present would be my home. Late in the evening I heard voices at the door inquiring for the child Mabel. I recognized that of my uncle. Regardless of warnings and consequences I rushed forward, threw myself at his feet, and implored him to let me be with my sister. I fancied he pitied me, for I was not repulsed, but increasing my cries and petitions, there came the stern answer, "It can never be; you must be saved if Alice has given herself wholly over to the evil one." The door closed upon him and I fell in despair to the floor. For days they kept me a close prisoner. Kindness, such as only the truest and noblest hearts could offer, was given. To all I was indifferent, and watched constantly for an opportunity for flight; for vainly I imagined I could by so doing join my sister in her distress.

One day I found the longed-for privilege, and darted like a bird from my cage; wildly I ran through the streets ignorant of all. I saw a crowd gathering on the fresh green Common, now rejoicing in the beauty of Spring. I followed and heard the cry of "The witch! the English witch!" ring through the air. I gained a footing, where the scene I witnessed is as fresh to-day in my memory as it was at that hour. My sister Alice, in a rude cart, sat

bound hand and foot; her golden hair streamed from her uncovered head upon her shoulders, her beautiful face pale, wan with deadly suffering, the never-fading crimson in either cheek; with her garments of shame around her she sat a most pitiful object. I screamed her name. What followed I can not remember, for I was borne from the crowd. Unconsciousness followed; for weeks I was oblivious to every thing, and the fearful revelation that was given with returning consciousness drove me to pray that the grave might soon close me in its embrace. I learned that my sister Alice, with her bright, loving, noble spirit, rested in the grave, wickedly, unjustly doomed to be cut off in the bloom of youth. The sentence passed upon her mercifully shortened her life, for in the damp, dark prison, removed from friends, sympathy, or kindness, life and strength ebbed away before the time appointed for her shameful execution arrived. She left many a message for me, and died hoping that Providence would place us in one grave.

For a long time life and death struggled for me; but life triumphed. I lived to see, with pitying heart, fearful retributions of Heaven visited upon the murderers of my sister—my aunt and uncle living to feel and know the disgraceful fall of a daughter into the depths of infamy—a brand worse, a curse harder to bear than the fate of the English witch. Many years passed before life blossomed for me. My severe illness left me with improved health and strength, and I lived to be grateful that life had been spared; for in Williams I found a friend and protector, who, from the hour of my sister's death, was better to me than the tenderest brother. Long years after, when the grass, many a Spring and Fall, had started and faded on my sister Alice's grave, and the memory of my loss grew less poignant and painful; when he for whom every breath was gratitude and affection, begged that a nearer and dearer tie might unite us, I unreservedly, unhesitatingly granted his wish.

Together we cherished the memory of the unfortunate sacrifice of murderous superstition, and the most honored earthly name in our household was "Sister Alice."

THE weakest living creature, by concentrating his powers on a single object, can accomplish something; the strongest, by dispersing his powers over many, may fail to accomplish any thing. The drop, by continued falling, bores its passage through the hardest rock; the torrent rushes over it with hideous uproar, leaving no trace behind.

THE CHRISTIAN CALLING.

BY REV. G. W. BURNS, A. M.

THE generality of men have some occupation by which they secure a livelihood. Labor, physical and mental, is a wise appointment of the great Creator. Man should earn his bread by the sweat of his brain or brow. The world is a workshop; God is its proprietor, and perpetually presides over its great and complicated machinery. The due development of its details involves the necessity of instruments and agents of every possible grade, from the chimney-sweep to him who sits upon the proud pinnacle of political power. A great variety of positions is to be filled, each important, each essential to the completeness of the great plan.

It is a wise and gracious allotment of Providence, that men should differ in their tastes, inclinations, and capacities, which variety leads them to the choice of the various occupations by which all positions are filled. All the several capacities and endowments of mankind are thus beautifully brought into full play, and the best interests of society subserved. Each one contributes his quota to the common weal, each supplying the lack of the other. Thus the whole human family are constituted in a state of mutual dependence. "None of us liveth unto himself."

Each man's business in the world, when connected with the grand plan of God for the good of humanity, is a sacred appointment. His ordinary work for which he is adapted is a divine errand. The coal digger is as necessary to society as the mechanic; the mechanic as needful as the farmer; the farmer can no more be dispensed with than the physician, or lawyer, or teacher. All these have a separate line of duty to perform, and when rightly employed, have as important positions to fill, in proportion to the nature of their respective work, as the minister of the Gospel. He has his mission, to which he is divinely called; they have theirs, to which they are humanly called. They may no more disobey the voice of society, than the minister refuse to hearken to the command of God.

Men differ as to the honor attached to the positions occupied. A vast distinction is made in the various employments. One is looked upon as degrading and is shunned; another is valued as an honor worthy of all effort for its securement. But God regards them from a different stand-point. He makes no discrimination between those obeying their adapted vocations.

Some would reduce all mankind to a level,

and destroy all distinctions in society. But this is an impossibility. Men can not be absolutely equal. There ever will be differences, not only in this world, but in that to come. But to work harmoniously the mighty machine of human activity is the great duty and real merit of life. The digging, and shoveling, and blasting, and carting, in the construction of a railroad, are just as essential to its formation as is the skill of the engineer. He that faithfully fulfills the duties of what is regarded a low condition, is vastly more to be honored than he who neglects or poorly performs the obligations of his reputed high position. The one should not be ashamed of his occupation, the other should be ashamed of himself. There is deep truth in the couplet,

"Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part; THERE all the honor lies."

The profession and practice of the Christian are represented under the idea of a "calling." The entire tenor of the Scripture is, that the business of a Christian life is something special and distinctive. It is, indeed, a separate and individual vocation. "In its nature and spirit it is something to be distinguished from all other occupations, all other schemes of thought, all systems of philosophy, all enterprises of the will, all plans of education. It is so distinct that no one of these things can be mistaken for it, nor substituted in place of it. The Christian character springs from its own root, grows by its own laws, and bears its own peculiar fruit." It finds in each human soul a distinct provision for its development, "a religious capacity, an organ of faith, a spiritual want, reaching dimly after God, and never meant to be satisfied but in the gifts of his Holy Spirit." It has its own conditions of preparation, the faithful use of appointed means. "There must be definite action, a fixing of attention, a concentration of the mind, a full purpose of the will." It is to be undertaken as an attainment, "grand but simple, practicable for all men, the noblest of all objects." With it there is no pursuit to be thought of in comparison.

Earthly occupations are esteemed in proportion to their intrinsic goodness, to the reputation they afford, and to the profit to be derived. Measured by these, how great the calling of the Christian!

It is one of infinite, intrinsic goodness. It is a Divine, a holy calling. Its author is infinitely holy. The Gospel, the great means to induce men to engage in it, is holy, just, and good. The Holy Ghost, the Divine agent in the awakening and regenerating of the slumber-

ing soul, enlightening the mind of man, renewing his will, both persuading and enabling him to embrace Jesus Christ by faith, is coequal with the Father in holiness. It leads to a holy end. It requires holiness of heart and life. It fits its possessor for a translation to a state of perfect holiness. It was purchased by the blood of Jesus, who was holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners.

It is the most honorable calling. Its author is the King, eternal, immortal, invisible; the only wise God, whose name alone is Jehovah. It emancipates the immortal soul from the vilest servitude. It restores from a condition of sin to one of holiness. It exonerates from the greatest guilt. It frees from eternal disgrace and misery. It exalts from the position of the slave of Satan to a joint heirship with Jesus Christ.

It is the most profitable calling. It is true it requires sacrifices, but only of that which is really worthless or hurtful. Every thing consistent with the true honor and legitimate happiness is allowed. Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report pertain to the Christian. He is able to say, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am to be content." His God supplies all his need according to his riches in glory by Jesus Christ. He has continually the comfort of the Holy Spirit. He is prepared to live, and consequently fitted to die.

"Who would not be a Christian? . . .

For 'tis the loftiest name the language bears,
And all the languages in all the worlds
Have none so sublime. It relates to Christ,
And breathes of God and holiness,
By the rich graces of the Holy Ghost,
To fit them for the paradise on high,
Where angels dwell, and perfect manhood shines
In the clear luster of redeeming love
Forever and forever; and implies
A son and heir of the eternal God."

KIND words do not cost much. They never blister the tongue or lips. And we have never heard of any mental trouble arising from this quarter. Though they do not cost much, yet they accomplish much. They help one's own good nature and good will. Soft words soften our own soul. Angry words are fuel to the flame of wrath and make it blaze the more fiercely. Kind words make other people good natured. Cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them, and bitter words make them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful.

PRECEPTIVE CHRISTIANITY.

BY REV. F. S. CASSADY.

CHRISTIANITY is either a fact or a falsity.

If a fact, its claims to human credence are founded on such evidences of its divinity as can not be resisted; if a falsity, its deception, like false coin, is certainly within the reach of positive detection. Both external evidence and internal testimony unite in stamping upon it "the seal of high divinity." The former, which is mainly founded upon the testimony derived from prophecy and miracles in favor of the truth of our holy religion, we propose not to consider; while the latter, in the form of preceptive Christianity, will claim our consideration for a few moments.

And right at the threshold of our investigation, even the sheerest infidelity or the boldest irreligion must allow that Christianity courts the light and invites the largest and strictest canvass of its evidences. Its language to the sincere inquirer after truth is, "Come let us reason together;" that fairly done, its divinity must stand out before the mind in the light of a great, undeniable fact. No honest intellect can contemplate the sublime ethics of Christianity without a conviction of its divine origin. Let us see.

As the Word of God is the source of its revelation to the world, the question immediately arises, What is the character of that Word? To this we need only reply—look at the purity of its doctrines and the spirituality of its moral code! Where did the world ever see any thing comparable to it as a system of ethics? Leaving the divinity of Christianity unasserted for the present, how the best codes of earthly philosophy pale into insignificance before the majesty and sublimer philosophy of the Gospel! Never did Grecian or Roman sage enunciate such truth and morality as are here enunciated. To say nothing of its glorious revelations of the Divine character and of his infinite perfections and moral government, all of which reason indorses as alone worthy of the great Author and Governor of the universe, let us examine several of the cardinal principles of Heaven's moral code.

Take, for instance, this: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." Where did the world ever hear a sentiment so accordant with reason and so replete with moral sublimity, till Christianity announced it? This one principle of the Gospel is the sum total of all philosophy; and were it enthroned in the great heart and life of human-

ity, we would have heaven on earth. Reason, though utterly impotent to conceive of such a sentiment in the absence of a divine announcement, is forced to the acknowledgment that to bring this world up to the highest point of moral perfection, is simply to give this golden rule universal application among men.

Christianity lays great stress upon the duty and necessity of forgiveness, and is in this respect infinitely above the purest ethical systems ever devised by finite intelligence. Revelation teaches that "it is the glory of a man to pass by a transgression;" and all reason and experience accord the truth of the sentiment. But where in their moral codes did the sages teach any thing like this? Aristotle and others seemed to regard not a little of "the glory of a man" as consisting in revenge for injury done to him. This was the highest reach of their philosophy. How sublimely beautiful, how divine the Gospel at this point! "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those that trespass against us!" This is the spirit, this the sublime genius of Christianity. It has been well said that "to err is human, but to forgive divine." In the very nature of things an unforgiving spirit is its own greatest punishment. It can not be otherwise. So that, religion laid aside, it is the price of every man's happiness that he forgive those who trespass against him. No less truthfully than elegantly has the great bard said:

"The greatest attribute of Heaven is mercy,
And 'tis the crown of justice and the glory,
Where it may kill by right to save with pity."

Benevolence is another fundamental precept of Christianity—its divinest charm and its highest eulogy! How unlike the maxims and philosophy of the world is the unselfishness taught in the Gospel! In no one thing is the unearthly origin of our holy religion more clearly seen than in the great lessons it teaches in respect of our obligations to humanity. Christianity teaches that man lives for a purpose worthy of his Creator and of himself, when he lives not to or for himself! In the sublime morality of the Gospel he is counseled to see no dignity or nobility in that life which does not rise superior to selfishness, and which does not connect its holiest sympathies and noblest activities with the welfare and moral elevation of humanity.

"Charity seeketh not her own;" and as the sun shines, the rain falls, and the flowers bloom, not for themselves but for others, so is man taught by the ethics of Christianity to consecrate his heart and hands, his time and means,

his influence and his all, to the sublime work of promoting the best interests of his fellow-man. Certainly such a system of precepts, so uniformly teaching that we should love our neighbor as ourself, and thus seeking to eliminate all selfishness from the world, can not be a splendid moral fabrication, as some of the objectors to revealed religion have averred. Looked at in the light of the highest moral philosophy conceivable by the human mind, and seen in all the beauty and moral loveliness of its own characteristic benevolence, this supposition can not be entertained for a moment; while the mind, on the other hand, is irresistibly shut up to the conclusion of the superhuman origin of this great system of morals.

Honesty, which reason teaches as an indispensable element in human character, is no where so clearly and efficiently taught as in the morality of the Bible. "Deal justly," "defraud no man," and "owe no man any thing" are lessons permeating the whole system of Christianity. Nor is the doctrine of honesty placed upon mere legal issues; it stands upon a high moral basis. Christian morality connects man with the past upon this subject, as well as with the present and future. No limitation law is admissible here; "the uttermost farthing" must be paid. A man's sins, but not his debts to his fellow-men, are canceled in conversion. If able, like Zaccheus, he must make full restitution.

No where are human rights so fully and clearly defined as they are in the moral code of the Bible; nor are they any where enforced by such weighty sanctions. We may say also at this point, that all the progress made in jurisprudence by the enlightened nations of the earth, has been in proportion to their discovery of the great principles of law found in the writings of the distinguished lawgiver of Israel. This is an argument strongly in favor of our position, but we shall not press it further than to say that all forms of injustice are condemned and a rigid rule of right marked out for every man in the Bible. The presumption, therefore, is that the code teaching these precepts is divine. Certain it is that a recognition of these principles, as taught in revelation, is absolutely necessary to the wellbeing and progress of human society.

There is nothing, even in the apprehension of reason, so beautiful, so divine as truth; and yet in no system of philosophy is its importance unfolded as it is in the morality of the Gospel. Some eminent writers on moral science have justified a departure from truth as both expedient and necessary in given instances; whereas

we are taught in the Christian code that falsehood is unallowable under any and all circumstances. That which is in itself false never can be right, in the nature of things; nor can its final result be aught else than evil. Time, ever the friend of truth, must in the end reveal the deception, and wrong must follow. We have only to see the high position assigned to truth in Christian morality, and then to read the lessons unfolded in the characters of those who have unswervingly adhered to it as the guiding-star of their lives, to learn that it is the very crown of human character. There can be no excellence, no virtue in that character which lacks the sterling quality of truth.

We find in preceptive Christianity all that ennobles and sublimates human character; and in this fact we have the highest evidence of its divine origin and truth. There is nothing, absolutely nothing, related to the welfare or progress of humanity in any respect but what is covered by the principles already noticed in this partial investigation of Christianity in its precepts and doctrines. The golden rule itself, if it had universal sway in the world, would bring it back at once to the Eden era of its history.

But the question arises, Is there moral power enough in Christianity to give practical enforcement to its exalted principles? We answer emphatically in the affirmative. We claim the whole history of Christianity to be decisive of this point, since that history is inexplicable on any other principle. The bitterest foe to revealed religion must grant that Christianity is both a fixed and powerful institution in the world, and two things must always go along with this admission. First, that all the triumphs it has won in the world have been achieved in the face of tremendous opposition; and, secondly, that these triumphs have been won by no other weapon than that of "the truth as it is in Jesus." Add to these remarkable facts the further consideration that Christianity has never forced an unwilling subject within its pale, and its inherent moral power must be allowed as the grand source of its success. Any other solution of this problem must ignore principles and facts vital to the whole question. So we arrive at the conclusion that Christianity, both as a code of precepts and as a system of attested moral power, is from Heaven.

"That the truths of the Bible," exclaims Dr. Wayland, "have the power of awakening intense moral feeling in man under every variety of character, learned or ignorant, civilized or savage; that they make bad men good and send

a pulse of healthful feeling through all the domestic, civil, and social relations; that they teach man to love right, to hate wrong, and to seek each other's welfare; and, finally, that they teach man to aspire after conformity to a Being of infinite holiness, and fill him with hopes infinitely more purifying, more exalted, more suited to his nature than any other which this world has ever known, are facts as incontrovertible as the laws of philosophy or the demonstrations of mathematics."

THE HOUSATONIC.

BY M. S. TURBILL.

'Mid the hills of West New England,
In a broad, meandering vale,
Where the shade and sunshine mingling,
Deck with vivid tints the vale,
Flows a streamlet, bright and graceful,
With its waves so crystal clear,
That its floor of marble pebbles
And its glistening sands appear.
'T is the queenly Housatonic,
Which in majesty doth glide,
Through wild glens and sunny lowlands,
Ere is met the ocean tide.

Though dark mountain cliffs o'erhanging,
Fringed by the sprangly pine,
Frown for miles along its waters—
There are farms and forests fine,
And neat villages embowered,
'Mid which glittering steeples shine,
And the rugged landscape viewing,
'Mid the distant plains and hills,
See the chestnut groves and meadows,
And the dancing silvery rills,
And from clustered elms out-peeping
See a cot or mansion fair,
With its shrubb'ry and white palings—
With its flowers blooming there.

Can you find a lovelier, fairer,
More romantic eastern stream,
Where each glade and sloping hill-side
With such varied beauties gleam?
First, a lake like mirrored crystal,
Quiet sleeps in distant dale—
Then a sparkling vein emerging,
Ripples gayly through the vale,
To the distant azure ocean,
Where the wild waves murmuring wail.

Like to thee, my favorite river,
As I journey on each day,
May my course through youth be ever
Earnest, truthful, joyous, gay;
That when years have wreathed their blessings,
And eternity's vast sea
Opens with its boundless prospects,
Life may end triumphantly!

HOME TALKS AND ESSAYS.

BY MRS. JENNIE F. WILLING.

NUMBER VIII.

SHALL WOMEN THINK?

SINCE the "company" inundation, the evening talks at Lakeside had become, as certain visitations were once supposed to be, "few and far between." Not that there was any dearth of words. Tongues moved more nimbly than ever; but candor obliges the confession that much less was said. The family circle was so diluted, that in order to the free expression of thought, it had to break itself into smaller knots. The one for which I am self-constituted reporter, consisted of Mrs. Wayne and Ralph, Harry Morland and his sisters. Scene: the arbor by the lake. Please sketch to your taste. A water view; sunset glow; a few cumuli, white, touched with gold; trees, flowers, and five unusually-agreeable people.

At the precise moment of the reporter's *entree*, Fannie had been flinging from her tongue-tip sundry spicy little hits, in contempt of a certain omnivorous animal, whose gluttonous habits had stirred her spleen; which hits, if reported *verbatim*, might seem too closely to echo some of Gail Hamilton's tirades, to do credit to the young lady's originality. Harry, whose lyceum-sharpened scent for argument was as keen as that of a rat terrier, was expected to reply in a manner calculated to bring on a word tournament. Perhaps we had better give this time to get in full play before we strike the newly-sharpened pencil to the foolscap.

"Now, Harry, you are perfectly provoking! I would n't own you if I thought you believed one-half the absurd things you have been saying. What an idea! A woman's influence in her family to depend upon her skill in catering for the animal—the beast. That's your proposition, sir, in plain Saxon. About as reasonable as men are! A woman to meet their demands must have as many hands as Briareus, as many heads as the Hydra, as many eyes as Argus, as many forms as Proteus, and all instinct with warm, delicate refinement; while they may be just common, coarse gormands! Ugh! Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" She paused for breath.

"You certainly ought to take the rostrum, Fan," threw in Harry, with a teasing laugh. "You would spout splendidly at a Woman's Rights Convention."

"Woman's Rights, nonsense! Now, Harry, don't fling that at me! Because some of the sex, goaded beyond endurance by the oppres-

sions of men, have gone a shadow of a shade too far in their zeal to right matters, and have made dunces of themselves, don't, for pity's sake, think to scare every other woman who attempts to say a word, into flat, abject propriety, by rattling that old skeleton in her face."

Harry's thrust had the effect intended, of leaving his pert mercurial antagonist *hors de combat*, for, of all things, as he very well knew, she hated to be charged with ultra woman's-rights tendencies. Mary came to her sister's aid.

"It occurs to me, Sir Harry, I've heard some spouting from your honorable self that would n't sound badly at one of those same conventions. Do n't you remember, Fannie, that very chivalrous college declamation we had the good fortune to hear?"

"Remember it! Be sure I do. The old Revolutionary doctrine of no taxation without representation! Fairly out-Beechering Beecher! Now—nonsense aside—every man that thinks demands for his mate a woman that thinks. Of course such men are as frequently mismated as their ignorant *confreres*; but often this very mismatement sets tongue and pen off, full tilt, to show the glory of having a cultured woman to make a home and train children."

"Just as if that were the one idea of a lady's life!" simpered Miss Arabella, as she minced into the arbor. One set of daintily-gloved digits twirled a tiny parasol; the other fluttered a fan; between them, gathering up an infinity of gauzy skirts, making the elegant damsel look quite like an immense powder puff. Her words curled her lip into an expression not the most remote from a sneer.

"About as deeply as women of her grade look into grave questions," thought the philosophic Mr. Ralph.

"Just as if it were not," rang out Miss Fannie's clear tones, in tart response to the simpering sneer.

"To go back a little, Fannie," said her brother, with praiseworthy perseverance in his polemics, "I deny that thinking men ought to marry thinking women. Not to look especially after the interests of the next generation—which party of the third part has been known to bring up in a lunatic asylum, through an oversensitive intellectual organism, inherited from parentage, all brain—thinking only of the present, when a man comes in from his counting-room or office, if he is a decent student, he is supposed to have had brain work enough for that forenoon. What he wants is rest; and he must have it to keep his machinery in running order. Now, let him turn the key on stocks, sermons, and professional care, and meet

in the home, not a nervous, angular, intense woman, her vital force all used up in study, but a pretty little scrap of restfulness, in a white wrapper, with a rose in her hair, fresh, cheery, and full of the pretty little sayings and doings of a nestfull of pretty little chicks. Do n't you see, he can unbend. His thoughts are beguiled out of their old grooves. A gust of freshness sweeps through his life, and he is ready to go out again, a giant gloriously refreshed."

"If I'm not mistaken," said Mary, an unconvinced smile playing about the corners of her mouth, "it takes some thinking to keep a home in such prime order. Broiled steaks do not grow 'done to a dot.' Coffee has a perverse trick of muddiness, and unless somebody *thinks*, the thousand and one 'nice little' appointments get into a hopeless tangle. Servants are not generally regarded angelic, I believe. You hire a given amount of muscular force, but the thinking, the *morale* of the matter is not usually found at the intelligence office. Now, Sir Harry, I assert that no other than a thinking woman can pilot a household through the manifold difficulties growing out of our imperfect, domestic service system, and carry 'a nestfull of pretty little chicks' through the inevitable perils of juvenility, measles, hooping-cough, etc., not to mention the moral quicksands and rocks, ten times worse than all others."

"Why, yes, Mary, of course a woman has to think. I would n't advise any sort of mental asphyxia; but, then, let her thinking be in the direction of domestic affairs. If she is to be the wife of a brain-worker, don't let her be forever poring over books."

"I understand," said Mary. "Keep her in the basement amid the clatter and smudge of domestic machinery, that her lord may enjoy the serenities of the upper rooms; and when they meet, once a day or so, upon some landing in the stairway, between stories, they may touch fager tips, and he be marvelously rested thereby. Now, if we admit, what I seriously object to, that his thinking pays better than hers it remains to be proven, that one who has mind enough for all this, has not her mute rebellions, her inner clamorings for the grand, beautiful thought range, open to him whom God has written 'one' with her. And then your charming picture of the 'pretty little scrap of restfulness,' 'refreshed giant,' and all that. I'd like to know if your brain-workers haven't an awkward habit of carrying a big budget of cares home with them. Of course they do n't mean to—the kindly-considerate fellows! No, indeed! Not a particle of work or worry would

they bring to the 'pretty little' kittens and canaries at home; but, then, how do we find the thing in practical life? Dr. A., a well-meaning, husbandly specimen, goes to the glass, brushes his hair, smooths the wrinkles out of his face, pulls up his collar, adjusts his cravat, turns the key in the office door, and strides home. Now, allowing 'pretty little' Mrs. A. to have filled her rôle, he is met by white muslin, roses, smiles, presentable babies, etc. He gives Mrs. A. an appropriate caress, the babies a suitable dose of petting, and while he waits for dinner he thinks it well to fill the programme by asking his wife to play some of her old music. In the middle of the third stanza, when baby stays proceedings by getting a button in its throat, he awakes suddenly to find that he has been tugging away, in an oblivious brown study, feeling pulses, looking at tongues; his outer self smiling and playing 'rest,' his inner man worrying over fever cases and fits. By changing technicalities, our Doctor will represent the home life of the mass of thinking men. They can't leave their cares down town. They don't know how. These 'pretty little' home scenes may soothe the galls, where the harness wears, but they don't stop the wearing."

"Bravo! Mary," laughed Harry. "A big speech! Guess you're the one for the rostrum, after all."

This rallying did not disconcert Mary; though this long strain of talk was not according to her way. I think it was Miss Arabella's sneer that aroused her. Her voice, so far from being declamatory, was lowered a point or so. Her brown eyes were open and earnest. A good look into them scattered Harry's quips.

"Give us your idea of Dr. A.'s needs, please, Mary. You have annihilated my 'pretty little' theories; now, what would you have Mrs. A. do when her Doctor comes in, tired out and tugging at the fever cases?"

"Well, in the first place, I would have her a sensible girl, brought up, not to fancy her only work in life to look pretty and catch a husband, but to think, to know something, to do what the good God made her to do. Having married Dr. A., I would have her fit herself for the place."

"Read medicine? Fight her way through a medical college?"

"That might not be practicable; but a few minutes each day, say a trifle over the frizzing and rat-adjusting time, that ladies spend in making their heads hideous—only a half hour a day, spent in close reading, would familiarize her with his profession, and make her an infinite help to him. How? Why, suppose he

comes in from the office with a hard case grinding through the convolutions of his brain. He knows he has n't the right of it, and how can he think of any thing else? a human life is at stake! He marches in, sits down, takes up the baby. Mrs. A. sees the difficulty, guesses it, as a woman can, if she will keep still long enough, asks quietly, 'Doctor, how 's B. to-day?' 'Worse,' a twitch of the muscles over the eyes, said eyes laughing to baby all the while. 'Guess he'll go for it this time.' 'Let's see, Doctor, have you told me what ails him?' Then comes a chapter of incomprehensible medical jargon, comprehensible to her, however. Perhaps it is from rehearsing the diagnosis of the case, possibly her suggestions, something in the books that he has forgotten, and she remembers, but light breaks in. The weight is lifted. Now he can rest."

"But see here!" broke in Fannie, "suppose there are two or three babies, and miserable help, out of which she has to work two dollars' worth of misdeeds every mortal week, how is she to get time for all this?"

"I am talking about a sensible woman, sensibly brought up. Such have wit enough to cut their way out of this everlasting American 'help' snarl. You know some ladies make a business of shopping. They have a keen eye for the right article; and when they come to just the thing, at just the price, they take it. Now, a sensible woman knows how work ought to be done. She goes into the 'help' market with a fair bid, and gets what she wants—a good servant, whom she will pay decently, lodge decently, treat decently, and who will serve her decently."

"I should think, then, Mary," said Mr. Wayne, smiling, "that the question hinges upon the *modus operandi* of making women sensible."

"Yes, sir, and men too. When men marry, not pretty faces, pretty toilets, or pretty fortunes, but women, trained to make right homes, I think the Gordian knot will be cut."

"But, Mary, about this potential Dr. A. Professional men generally set up housekeeping at the foot of the hill Difficulty; funds low, economy necessary, wife must sew, stitch, mend, *ad infinitum*. How about that?"

"Well, let's suppose a colloquy. Doctor comes in. 'Annie, can you go with me to see a patient? A lady; singular case; out of my reach; mental trouble I think. A little of your womanly tact will help me get hold of it.' 'But, Doctor, I was going to commence those shirts this afternoon.' 'Hire the shirts made, Annie. Your tact and nursing in this one case will be worth more to us than any quantity of shirt-making.'

You see, the woman's time is worth just as much more than a sewing girl's, as she has more cultured brain to go with it. What do you think, Aunt Grace, am I right?"

"Yes, Mary, as far as my observation goes. I think the fault lies in the training girls have. Boys are educated according to their bent; girls all alike. If they are thrown upon their own resources, they are often obliged to earn a pittance at some distasteful work, when they are conscious of fine unwrought ability in directions far more agreeable."

"Dear me! Mrs. Wayne." The tiniest, daintiest yawn made a faint effort to slip between Miss Arabella's red lips; but she held it to the proprieties, by a bit of perfumed lace, upon the tips of two white fingers. "Dear me! you are so practical! Now, you know we American ladies never think of so vulgar a thing as having to earn any thing. No lady who understands her own dignity could lower herself to teach, or sew for pay; besides, with all the claims of society upon one, there's really no time."

"I think, Miss Spencer," said Mr. Wayne, "it would be difficult to bring you to comprehend the force of what the ladies have been saying. Like many of your class, who have happened to be born in opulence, you have false views—pardon my plainness—false views of society and its claims, of work and its dignity; and just here, I am assured, rests the weight of responsibility."

This *fortiter in re* speech was uttered with so much of the *suaviter in modo*, the young lady hardly knew what would be appropriate to say by way of reply. Concluding to say nothing, she bowed herself away, and took an attitude upon a slope near, and spent a few moments of her precious time tossing pebbles into the lake—a fair specimen of the manner in which the mass of women, whose present or possible dollars shield them from the necessity of toil, meet this question that involves not only their own best interests, but those of the race.

"Seems to me we are wandering somewhat," said Fannie, brightening at the prospect of tripping the astute Esq. This visitation of polite wrath upon the head of Miss Arabella, did not particularly grieve her; yet she hardly relished this shifting of culpability from the assaulted party to her own sex. It was an awkward turn of the argument; but Fannie continued: "I believe I opened this confabulation by an onslaught upon the lords of creation, with their anthropophagous appetites, and lo! we find ourselves, at length, flinging upon the fair dames the responsibility of society's misdeeds. Now, I

insist, Cousin Ralph, the fault of these 'false views' that you are pleased to notice so graciously lies upon men. You know a lady to be much admired by you gentlemen must have a certain whiteness of hand, and elegance of manner quite incompatible with a life of work. The toilets that charm the redoubtable Ajax, grave Nestor, and stout Ulysses, are not made canary-fashion, a plump and a flutter, and all as glossy and radiant as may be. They take time. And the best of you men will give the palm of preference to the lady whose exterior pleases your eye."

"Let me toss the difficulty back to you, Fannie. Ought not women to have a higher aim than merely to please the opposite sex? Ought they not to educate us out of our barbarian tastes? Teach us to prize the pure inner gold rather than the outer tinsel? I think we are on the advance in this regard. *Bas bleu* is no longer an epithet of horror and odium."

"Among leading thinkers—the field officers. With the rank and file the opinion still prevails that a woman can't make a home happy if she is noticeably intellectual."

"I know," replied Wayne. "This is comparatively a new thing, and we meet whatever challenges our credulity, as sentinels do comers in the dark—with fixed bayonet. It requires no small courage for a sensitive woman—and the one capable of fine thinking is, of necessity, delicately, tensely strung—it is no light thing, I say, for such a one to step forth, braving quizzing glass and coarse criticism. Hundreds who would succeed with gentler treatment fail, and grow sour, and men take them as specimens of intellectual women. Others become brazen and pugilistic, 'strong-minded,' from being ungenerously assailed, and are no particular credit to the craft. Now and then one has strength and balance to soar above the flights of arrows into the calm ether, singing her glorious song, and saying the sweet true things God tells her to say. When men find she is out of their reach, they can neither ignore nor crush her, they fall down and worship her."

As the talk had grown graver, the circle had narrowed itself to three, Mrs. Wayne, Ralph, and Mary. "How much this subject has been before the public of late!" remarked the latter lady. "There has been a deal of light skirmishing and some heavy cannonading. I wonder what it'll amount to."

"I presume," said Wayne, "my opinion upon this question would be tabooed as radical. The masses haven't reached it yet, though they will soon, I think. Progressive thought has

leaped aboard a lightning express, since the clock struck the last half century. I would have enactments, social and civil, arranged after the apostolic canon, recognizing "neither male nor female, but all one." If a woman is to be held amenable to law, if she is to be taxed, and suffer legal penalty without regard to her sex, I would say common justice demands that she should have a hand in making the law. I would throw open to her every avenue of effort; that, if God has given her strength to do grand and noble things for herself and the race, she might do them untrammelled. According to my notion, all this babble about the equality of the sexes is sheer nonsense. They belong to and complement each other. One has strength, the other delicacy; and in pronouncing them 'one,' God meant they should be 'one' in thought, and culture, and work. As you said of your Doctor I say of every other man, if his wife be the right woman in the right place, he will be more than as much again a man, if his strength is supplemented by her finer intuitions and culture."

"Then you think, Ralph, women can do as fine and as great things in the world as men."

"Indeed I do, mother, infinitely finer and greater. Not that they can accomplish feats of statesmanship, or of military prowess, to make the world stare and applaud. These have birth in the cerebrum, which does not usually predominate in woman, and there is often a coarseness and brute force about them, incompatible with true womanliness; but in the realm of *morals*, she has always borne the palm. When Christ's reign is established, this will be acknowledged the domain of genuine greatness. God knows this, so he lets woman quarry out the granite blocks, and lay the foundations of human character—unnoted, unappreciated of the world; but her coronation day is dawning gloriously at last."

LIKE flakes of snow, that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed. No single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action creates, however it may exhibit, a man's character; but as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountain, and overwhelms the inhabitant and his habitation, so passion, acting upon the elements of mischief, which pernicious habits have brought together by imperceptible accumulation, may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue.—*Bentham*.

NIGHT.

BY REV. D. M. GENUNG.

NIGHT is used in thought and speech as an emblem of gloom; and if a person could be brought here from some orb of perpetual day, the gathering in of darkness would be fearful enough.

If the painter or poet wishes to present a view of woe, the scene is laid in the night; if the divine would sketch the miseries of a ruined race, to show what sin has wrought, he groups a "horror of darkness" with a "land of shades," or a "night of affliction" with a "night of death," and holds them forth as significant pictures of what is fearful and bad. All this is very natural. This portion of our time has its disadvantages, its shades; its very darkness is what makes it night to us. Now, the common business of life can not be done as well as in the light of day. People are more apprehensive of harm, more liable to imposition, *more severely sick*, and more die in the night than during the day.

And yet, constituted as we are, we need one as much as we do the other, and with the weaknesses, infirmities, and necessities of our nature, we should be equally thankful for both, rejoicing at the dawn of light and grateful when the invisible Hand draws the evening curtains around half the world.

This is a fit time for quiet, profitable contemplation and necessary reflection. The day has closed. The clatter of business is hushed, the wheels of industry stand still, but thought is busy and brings up the past for a calm review. Whether wisdom or folly, goodness or crime has filled up the departed hours, the map which our actions have drawn can now be studied, their results computed, the errors marked, good resolutions formed, and plans laid out for a better life in time to come.

In our present condition of life, under continued exertion, muscle and brain will weary and demand rest, and sleep becomes as necessary as rest or food, and woe to those who long deny the natural demand. Night is the wisely-allotted time for both rest and sleep, and a proper amount secured pays well for the time thus spent, by a renewal of vigor, physical strength, and mental activity.

The darkness of the night is as necessary also to the proper growth of vegetation as is the light; and while it shrouds the earth an important chemical process is carried on through all the vegetable world, which helps to purify the air and make it fit to be breathed.

At times the night presents scenes of beauty which are beyond description. So it is when

"The evening shades prevail,
And the moon takes up the wondrous tale,"

as planet, star, and constellation shine forth from a cloudless sky, and a few stray meteors dash along, to go, you know not where—O, then, one will think of something beyond and above this one world. We once knew a boy of four years old, who, on such an evening, was missed from the family, and on searching for him they found him in the yard by himself, leaping and clapping his hands in ecstasy at the sight above him and exclaiming, "O, mother, see how beautiful! how beautiful!" and we thought from the lips of that young child God was "perfecting praise."

But if one would see beauty approaching sublimity and loveliness melting and rising into glory, he must rise at from three to four o'clock on a clear Winter morning, when the moon is in her last quarter and just risen, when every star personates purity, then look upward and eastward and watch the rising of one star and constellation after another, and then the very gradual dawning of daylight till the firmament is all aglow, and if he is not dead to beauty and devotion he will praise the Creator for the beauties and the solemn grandeur of the night.

The night is highly instructive. Without it we should know but very little of other worlds, and not half as much of this, if it were always day. It is when the beams of the sun are withdrawn that the navigator makes his most necessary observations, as bright, instructive worlds from afar pour down their lines of light and tell him where to steer. Then, with the advantages of night, and with faith in science, he safely ventures wherever a ship can sail, and as safely returns with the productions of other climes, and with knowledge of the different nations of the earth.

Standing on some mount of observation, with proper instruments, one looks out among those sparkling brilliants which deck the nightly sky, and find them to be great shining worlds moving with a majestic sweep through space with all the regularity of clock-work. He measures their diameter and circumference, marks the time of their revolutions, and takes note of their surroundings; then further out still *beyond* our planetary neighborhood there are worlds, suns, and systems beyond and above systems too remote to be measured by any instruments now known, yet seen by the eye of man as "night unto night showeth knowledge" of Him who made them all.

Darkness was prior to light, although both are alike to God. Before sun, or moon, or stars were made "darkness was upon the face of the deep," and when the Most High created light and divided it from the darkness, he well knew the wisdom and necessity of the arrangement to meet the wants of men, and any of us can now "know in part" the beneficence of this great provision; but when we pass beyond the present state of trial, weakness, and want, there will be no night, but endless day.

SAVE IN SOMETHING ELSE.

"MUTTON-CHOPS again for dinner!" said the well-fed-looking Mr. Finley. "Really, my dear, it's too bad, when you know that if there's any thing I detest it is mutton-chops."

"I was n't aware, James," answered the wife, a careworn woman, apologetically, "that you disliked mutton-chops so very much. I knew, indeed, that you preferred beefsteak; and then beef is not wholesome just now, unless one pays very dear for it."

"Well, well, never mind for to-day," replied Mr. Finley, crossly, helping himself to a chop. "But do n't, for mercy's sake, give me any more of this stuff—meat I will not call it. Steaks I must have. You can easily save it in something else."

"Save it in something else! But how," asked the wife of himself, "is this to be done?"

Her weekly allowance was already as small as it could be, considering how many mouths she had to feed, and that she was compelled to disburse more or less of it continually for "sundries, that's nothing at all," as Mr. Finley said.

The next day there was a juicy rump-steak for dinner, but no pudding.

"Why, how is this? No sweets to-day, when I like, as you know, my dear, some sort of sweets?"

"I thought I would save the extra money for the steak in that way," timidly answered the wife.

"Good gracious, no! I'd rather do without any thing else," tartly replied the husband.

The tears came into the wife's eyes. But she knew her husband hated what he called a "scene," and so she choked down her emotion. There were few words spoken during the meal.

The third day the meat course was again excellent, and its joint was done "to a turn." Mr. Finley was in capital humor, as he always was over good eating, till the pudding came in,

which consisted of a plain rice one. At sight of this the gloom gathered on his brow.

"Poor man's pudding, I declare! Really, Anne, one would think, from the fare you provided, that I was a bankrupt!"

"Indeed, James, I do try to please you," said the wife, bursting into tears. "But I can't afford to give you every thing—provisions are so high; and I thought you'd rather have a cheap pudding than do without your nice joint."

"Pshaw! do n't cry," hastily replied Mr. Finley. "To be sure, I'd rather do without a good pudding than not have the other," he continued, more placably. "But there's really no necessity for it, my dear; for in so large a household as ours there are plenty of things of which the price of a good pudding might be saved."

No more was said on the subject that day. But a few mornings after Mr. Finley, on tasting his coffee, said, suddenly putting down his cup, "What is the matter with your coffee, my dear? Really, that grocer has cheated you. Why," tasting it again, "this stuff is chicory, and not coffee at all."

"It is not the grocer's fault," Mrs. Finley mustered courage to say. "I knew it was chicory when I bought it. Our expenses are so high, my dear, that we must save in something; but I thought it would be felt least perhaps in the coffee."

"The very last thing to save," angrily said Mr. Finley, pushing away his cup. "I'd rather drink cold water than this stuff!"

And cold water he did drink, though his wife, almost ready to cry, offered to have some tea made.

Mrs. Finley is still endeavoring to "save in something else," for her husband will not deny himself in any thing, and forgets to increase her allowance. Her last experiment was to forego a new Winter bonnet. But her husband, on seeing her come down dressed for Church, on a bright, frosty morning, with her last year's faded bonnet on, grew very angry, declaring that "there was no need to make herself look like a fright—he was n't a broken tradesman." But when one of the children told him why the old bonnet was worn, he made no offer to increase his wife's stipend; but only grumbled, sulkily, that "she might have saved it in something else."

When I see a well-fed, dogmatic husband, who has a careworn wife, I think of the steaks, the pudding, and the bonnet, and wonder if poor Mrs. Finley is the only woman who, to gratify a selfish husband, is made the victim of "saving in something else."

JOHN KEATS.

BY C. S. WINCHESTER.

THERE are some who are destined to disappointment. All their plans miscarry, all their hopes are blighted. They seem, as the old astrologers would tell us, to be born under an evil star. Their defects are always magnified, while their excellencies are underrated and often passed by altogether. Such characters, passing through life under a cloud of disappointment, will, in after times, generally gain their meed of pity, if not of praise.

In this class of unfortunates we may place John Keats. Perhaps no one ever more ardently longed to be a poet, a true poet whose words should stir the very heart, than did he; perhaps no one was ever more crushingly disappointed. His hopes, buoyant and far-reaching as those of youth always are, were cruelly blighted; he saw all his bright visions of the future vanish; his works, on which he had lavished his wealth of imagination, were sneeringly noticed as "slipshod" and worthless, and he himself coldly advised to return to the obscurity whence he had sprung. Disheartened by failure, when his young life was just budding into promise, he sank under the bitter disappointment and died.

Keats was undoubtedly possessed of those elements of character essential to the poet. He was emphatically a poet born, though he lacked the making.

That was an ominous day for him when, by the kindness of a friend, he obtained Spenser's "Faerie Queene." The poetic element slumbering within him needed only this spark for its enkindlement. It was the Midas-touch that transmuted the dross of his humble hopes to the gold of poetic longing. But he had much to struggle with; his position in society exerted a powerful influence against him. He was not, like Byron, "to the manor born," and the life of a surgeon's apprentice was not one the most congenial to poetic imaginings. Moreover, he lived in an age which was graced by some of the greatest poets England ever produced—Byron and all his glittering train—and lesser lights were apt to be lost in the glory of that splendid galaxy.

But Keats burned with the ambition of being a poet. At length, timidly and with the utmost anxiety in regard to its reception, he issued his "Endymion." How bitterly it was attacked, how contemptuously received, we all know too well.

It is not within the design of the present

article to criticise this or any other of his works. Suffice it to say, that the attack made upon it was instigated by private animosity and not by motives of pure criticism. The faults of the poem were obvious enough, to be sure, but did not arise from the sterility of its author, but were rather excesses arising from the fertility of his imagination and the luxuriance of his language, faults which the judgment of maturer years would doubtless have corrected.

In the character of Keats we find three ruling elements—*ardency, sensibility, and brilliancy of imagination.*

His ardency left its impress upon every thing he touched. His poetry comes to us all imbued with it, throbbing with the pulsations of his heart, fluttering with the thrill of his own delicate sensitiveness, and it is this glowing ardency that throws about it one of its chief charms. You realize that you are reading no forced production, eked out by toil and bedecked with labored contrivance, but that it is the language of the soul, the poet who speaks all fired with earnestness; and if sometimes his very ardency leads him into extravagances, the spirit which prompted them is an excuse for their inconsistency. The luxuriance and force of his diction are remarkable. His compound adjectives remind one sometimes of those of Homer by their power and truthfulness. Keats never kept any of his powers in reserve, but threw into the subject on which he was engaged all his energies—warmed it with the heat of his own swift-beating heart.

His sensitiveness was pictured on his very countenance. His face wore a peculiar firmness and delicacy of expression, and it was almost tremulous with the acuteness of his sensibility. At a noble thought or a beautiful conception, it is said, his face would color, his lips quiver with emotion, and his large dark eyes fill with tears. He was not one of those whose emotional natures seem all inclosed by a shell of coldness and indifference—to his finger tips he was keenly alive. His susceptibility was many sided. Not a form of beauty in the physical world but touched an answering chord in his heart. He was, of course, an ardent lover of nature.

There is much difference in the manner in which different poets look upon nature. Byron appreciated its outside; he was awed by its majesty or charmed by displays of surpassing loveliness, but its simpler and yet more endearing forms which were all about him passed unnoted; not majestic enough to command his admiration, not luxurious enough to awake his passions. From the calm, peaceful face of Na-

ture he turned away. When ruffled by storm or flushed with an excess of beauty he gazed on her features for a moment, but looked not deeper. He never knew the soul of Nature.

Wordsworth, on the other hand, almost disregarded the external charms of the world about him. To him its beauties are typical. He can not afford to regard the appearance of Nature, he must turn to her teachings. To him "a yellow cowslip by the river's brim" is not a yellow cowslip at all, but one of God's indices pointing to something more exalted than mere earthly beauty.

Keats united these two extremes. He loved nature, loved it for its own sake, loved it in all its manifestations. The song of bird, hum of insect, and murmur of brook were God's own music to his listening ear. Every evening the sunset was new to him, though he had beheld its domes of light in the western sky a thousand times before. No one felt a closer companionship with Nature than he. She was to him like a beauteous maiden, her pulses throbbing with the warm blood of youth, her soul all purity, walking through life with him, her hand in his own.

He once remarked to a friend that the keenest pleasure he had ever known was to watch the growth of flowers. In the regard which they severally had for Nature it might be said that Byron admired the body, Wordsworth revered the soul, but Keats loved both. Some of his descriptive passages are hardly excelled in the whole range of English poetry. Here is one that Thomson himself, the poet of nature, could not surpass. It is of an Autumn evening:

"While barr'd clouds bloom the soft-dying day
And touch the stubble plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river shallows, borne aloft,
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn,
Hedge crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden croft
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies."

There is a dreamy stillness about this whole picture almost inimitable, and, to render it still more impressive, a touch of that sense of loneliness which involuntarily steals over us at the close of one of those "melancholy days."

And what a beautiful conception we have in the following lines:

"As when, upon a tranced Summer night,
Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,
Tall oaks, branch-*charmed by the earnest stars,*
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir."

But beautiful passages of this kind are abundant in his works, and these will show his re-

markable power and truthfulness of description. To these qualities Keats united a wonderful brilliancy and vividness of imagination. His luxuriant imagery meets one every-where. This characteristic is especially manifest in his treatment of the Greek Mythology. Viewed by the light of his imagination its personages are not mere mythical characters, of whom we can form no vivid conceptions, but living beings endowed with all the faculties of human kind, and yet wearing withal a godlike majesty. He has rescued them from the cold marble dignity in which they were enshrined, has vitalized, but not humanized them. This was something entirely new, and is, of itself, sufficient to answer the charge of want of originality sometimes brought against him. Some of his portrayures of the heathen deities are remarkably lifelike and striking. Aphrodite, the wave-born goddess of beauty, in "Endymion," is no longer a dim ideal of loveliness, but is right before us, radiant, passionate, with all her wealth of charms,
"God of warm pulses and disheveled hair."

The invocation to the goddess in the third book of *Endymion* has a charm of exquisite delicacy about it.

"Breathe softly, flutes;
Be tender of your strings, ye soothing lutes,
Nor be the trumpet heard! O vain, O vain!
Not flowers budding in an April rain,
Nor breath of sleeping dove, nor river's flow—
No, nor the *Æolian* twang of Love's own bow,
Can mingle music fit for the soft ear
Of goddess *Cytherea*!
Yet deign, white Queen of Beauty, thy fair eyes
On our soul's sacrifice."

Allow us to give one more example of his power in this kind of description—the picture which he draws of the "old man of the sea." It almost makes one shiver:

"Upon a weeded rock the old man sat,
And his white hair was awful, and a mat
Of weeds were cold beneath his cold thin feet:
And, ample as the largest winding-sheet,
A cloak of blue wrapped up his aged bones,
O'erwrought with symbols by the deepest groans
Of ambition's magic."

Keats's imagination was active, brilliant, and vivid. Its pictures are never forced, never tawdry, and never indistinct. His line,

"How tiptoe Night holds back her dark, gray hood!"

as a bold, striking, and yet beautiful figure, has hardly been excelled. These were the elements displayed most evidently in the character of Keats, all of them essential to that of a poet. He was himself the incarnation of poetry. It was to him his life, his love, his all.

Perhaps his greatest lack was a want of strength. Because of this lacking his ardency is sometimes apt to degenerate into a kind of pretty furor, wanting in a true, deep passionateness. He is too prone to give free rein to his imagination till he smothers his thought in the luxuriance of his imagery. But this fault may, in a great measure, be explained by his youth. The time between boyhood and manhood is apt to be marked by mawkishness of sentiment and a feverish feebleness. It is the fermentation period of life, during which the greatest authors have rarely written much of worth. But nearly all of Keats's productions were written during this term of life, and we may justly conclude that any lack of strength which he may manifest would have been made up in after years.

The purity and chasteness of Keats also speak loudly in his favor. Like another he might say that he had written not a line which dying he would wish to blot. He was too delicately sensitive ever to be gross, too ardent ever to be coldly skeptical. While his poems are exquisitely sensuous, they are never sensual.

Viewing his character as a whole, perhaps he was gifted with as much of the true spirit of poesy as any other man of his time. Byron was a man of stronger intellect, Wordsworth a deeper thinker, but Keats more essentially a poet than either.

It is sad to think that hopes so buoyant and so well-founded, desires so great as were his, should be crushed by cold neglect and unmerited censure. Yet so it was. The bitter reception which his "Endymion" met deeply wounded him, and the more, perhaps, because he was conscious of having fallen below his ideal.

It is always hard to be ridiculed, but especially so when ridicule involves the blight of the most cherished hopes. He did not, however, weakly give way to disappointment, as his after labors will testify. And there is a very marked difference discernible between "Endymion" and some of his later works, such as "St. Agnes' Eve," the "Ode to a Grecian Urn," and that last, noble, unfinished poem, "Hyperion," all of which show marks of the growth of a delicate and accurate judgment in the correction of errors and excesses.

But yet, he never recovered from the shock. It was too severe for his delicate organization. He knew how hard it was to build up a reputation once thrown down. At this time, too, came a hopeless love to add to his heaviness of heart, and he gradually sank under the accumulated burden. At last, in sun-bright Italy, whither he had gone in vain to restore his failing health, he laid him down to die. For a

time he struggled desperately with his fate—for one so young as he to give up his hopes was to give up his life. Finally, one day, they say he grew suddenly calm. Some one has beautifully said that "perhaps he felt the touch of the immortal's hand that was so soon to lead him away from earth." Or perhaps he had a vision of the future, and saw that when he should have "passed beyond," men would learn to love him.

From that time he longed for the sleep of "restful Death." Once he remarked to a friend, "I feel the flowers growing over me"—a remark whose plaintive sadness has touched thousands of hearts. It was his last poem. A few days after he gently passed away, whispering, as he lingered a moment, "Thank God it has come!" They buried him there in an unnoticed corner of the Protestant graveyard at Rome, and on a simple slab at his head they carved, as he had told them, "Here lies one whose name was writ in water." No one has given him a place in the splendid abbey where sleep his country's honored dead. But it is better as it is. Perhaps he likes to have his grave there, under the soft, clear sky of Italy, rather than under the cold roof of England's grand mausoleum. No one has ever planted a tree or shrub by his grave, but the daisies cover the mound with their simple shroud of whiteness, as if fondly remembering one who loved them so well.

LIFE'S REVEILLE.

BY MISS N. M. SHEPARD.

HEART of mine! awake to-day;
Cast thy youthful dreams away;
Rise and gird thee for the strife
On the battle-field of life.

All thy youthful hopes are gone,
And thy youth itself is done;
Plain before thee lies the way,
Heart of mine, no more delay.

Think not of the happy past—
Life is fleeting onward fast;
Not for thee is soft repose,
Thou must battle with thy foes.

Pause not on the present pain,
Think of the eternal gain;
Grasp thy weapons, raise thy shield,
Die at need, but never yield.

Stay not now to count the cost,
If thou falter thou art lost;
In the conflict for the right
God shall nerve thine arm with might.

Hard the fight may be and long,
Cruel are thy foes and strong;
Only strive to do thy best,
Trust to God for all the rest.

A RIDE BY MAR SABA TO THE DEAD SEA.

OF all the sights in and around the Holy City, that undoubtedly which causes the most surprise, and is most at variance with preconceived opinions, is the aspect of the Dead Sea. Illustrated Bibles, panoramic views, or photographs, have stamped the salient features of the neighborhood firmly on the imagination in general, and the traveler feels comparatively *en pays de connaissance* in approaching the Jaffa gate, or riding past Absalom's tomb. But the outlook to the east from the heights of Scopus or Olivet has been unprovided for by expectation; the ill-omened waters form the one enlivening feature in the drear, stony landscape; their sparkling blue relieves the dun hillocks that roll one upon another from the foot of Olivet to the shore of the lake, and the weird outline of the Moabite Mountains on the farther shore.

At whatever time the pilgrim may visit Jerusalem, the three days' tour to the Dead Sea, *via* the monastery of Mar Saba and home by Jericho, or reversing the route, is a matter of course. And happy those who make it, as we made it, in the coolness of latter October, for at the time when the holy places are most resorted to, namely, at Easter, the heat in the deeply-sunken Valley of the Jordan is terrific. It is an excursion to be made with feelings that amount to awe, for it comprises associations sufficient to afford meditation for a lifetime.

On the morning after our arrival in Jerusalem, we had been taken by the American consul to the top of Scopus, and the sight of the Dead Sea, and the thicket that marked the course of the Jordan, made us long to get down there, and examine more closely the many wonders disclosed to us in that glorious view. The view from Scopus would be accounted magnificent in extent any where: it may safely be called the most interesting view in the world, commanding, as it does, on one side, the whole of Jerusalem, the valleys that surround, and the hills that stand round about it, from Neby Samwil and Gibeah on the north-west to the range of Olivet on the east, and away to the Frank Mountain on the south, overlooking Hebron; on the other side, the deep trench along which the Jordan flows, hidden by clumps of trees and underwood, opening out into the bright expanse of the sea, which, on the day we saw it for the first time, was dancing in the sunlight.

Alas! the journey to the Dead Sea is now shorn of much of its romance. There is no longer the delight of putting yourself under the

protection of some victorious sheikh, ready to do battle *a outrance* for you against all comers. The visit is carried on upon the same methods as Mr. Cook's excursions. There is an appointed tariff, and upon payment of it guides are meted out to you as they might be at Chamounix or Zermatt.

We paid a napoleon apiece. It is certainly cheaper yet than the ascent of a Swiss mountain, and six very dirty-looking Arabs were appointed to us, highly armed and pictorially arrayed. With our two muleteers, our dragoon, our cook, and our two selves, my companion being an American gentleman from the Far West, whose delight was in recalling constantly the big distance he was off from his big country, we sallied forth, a respectably large cavalcade, from the Jaffa gate.

We rode along the Valley of Hinnom. On our right, far above and standing backwardward than it did of old, when the buildings of the city came down upon the valley more, was the wall of Zion; behind it, the Armenian quarter. On the other side of the valley lies the Hill of Evil Counsel, the vast sepulchral pits which bear the name of Aceldama, and the Refuge for aged Jews built by Sir Moses Montefiore. At the south-eastern corner of the city the valley is intersected by another near the fountain of En Rogel, the Valley of Jehoshaphat, which sweeps between the chain of Olivet and the ridge of Moriah, and to the west opens out on to the plain country, over which passes the path to Bethlehem. We followed up the same valley we had threaded since leaving the gate, which soon turns abruptly to the left among the hills which shut out the view of Jerusalem.

The descent was rapid, and till we came to the turning the view back toward the angle of the Zion wall, standing at the very edge of a considerable precipice, was striking in the extreme, causing one to realize the accuracy of Scripture expressions as to the proud situation of the City of God. It is from this point alone, perhaps, that it is brought home to one; for from the Mount of Olives one looks down upon the Temple area, and, in consequence, the fall of the ground into the Valley of the Kidron is dwarfed; and the Jaffa and Damascus roads approach the city nearly on a level. The farther we rode the more grandly did the walls cut the sky line, till the turn of the gorge deprived us of this evidence of civilization, and plunged us into true Judean desolation.

Following the Valley of the Kidron, the path lay along the brook, or rather its stony course—for now, except in the rainy season of

Spring, the stream is dry—the gorge narrowed, and hardly a vestige of vegetation cheered us, though in the early year we heard these forbidding precipices were a blaze of color from wild flowers. Now, there is no color but what is given by the yellow sandy rock and occasional tufts of Syrian thorn. Our Arabs, when we had got out of sight of the town, became very demonstrative, and danced about to and fro on the narrow path, screeching their own peculiar ear-piercing yell, and brandishing their arms. We suspected this display of *coulour locale*; and it certainly had a non-natural, theatrical air, as if got up for our special behoof, and tending toward *backsheesh*. It is certainly an immense damper to the pleasure of Eastern traveling, the ever-present idea that every little courtesy on the part of those around you has its price, and sounds in damages immensely disproportionate to the benefit enjoyed.

We had left Häuser's Hotel after an early breakfast, and after a six hours' ride, principally at a foot's pace, we reached our resting-place for the night, the Greek convent of Mar Saba. We had been terribly uncomfortable on our hard saddles, with the midday sun beating on our white umbrellas; but all was swallowed up in wonder at the magnificent savagery of the gorge for the last half hour. The valley had up to this point been simply wild and featureless; it became now a mountain pass, which, taken as a whole, no Alpine marvel could surpass. Its weird grandeur and utter barrenness were expressed in its name, the Valley of Fire. Reddish-yellow cliffs shut in the bed of the torrent, for which alone there was room beneath. They were honey-combed with curious holes, and about a third of the way up, on the right side, jammed on to a ledge of the cliff, its outer wall one with the wall of the valley, stood the monastery. We rode in single file up the path, approached it at the back, delivered in our credentials from the authorities at Jerusalem, and were admitted. No female has ever entered within the walls, and many a British pilgrim of the other sex has, in pitching her tent among the jackals outside, railed at the ungallantry of the Mar Saba monks. We were established in a large guest-chamber, furnished all round with divans. One of the monks brought us glasses of raki and figs, which is the staple of their fare, and most courteously assisted the cook we luxurious Westerns had brought with us in preparing our meat dinner, with the worthy monks it being a perpetual *jour maigre*. They then took us over the buildings, which are very extensive, and for the most part newly built, and from every part of

which there is a giddy view right down into the depths of the ravine. There are some ghastly associations attached to this strange place. Many times has the monastery been laid open to pillage and its inmates to massacre, and its strong natural position caused it to figure often in the wars of Ibrahim Pashaw. The shrine of the founder, St. Saba—the institution claims an existence of fourteen hundred years—has a little chapel to itself; the larger church contains pictures of the scenes of blood the convent has witnessed, and is gorgeously decorated. Russia has spent lavishly, both here and in the Greek church at Bethlehem, ever anxious to keep alive her prestige in the Holy Land, and to show the zeal of her national communion with regard to the holy places.

We spent a pleasant evening in watching the effect of moonlight on the savage scenery, sitting for some time on the outer wall, which drops four hundred feet perpendicularly into the gorge. The opposite side was within a stone's-throw, and the solemn silence was only broken by the howling of the jackals and other inmates of the rocky caves.

Up at three next morning, breakfasted, and started by torchlight, as it was still pitch dark, and the road down the chasm dangerous; retracing our steps of the day before to the entrance of the convent gorge, we struck to the north-east among the hills, and rode for some time in silence, impressed by the associations which gave so much food for thought. Suddenly, just as it was getting gray, we saw beneath us the waters of the Dead Sea, lead-colored in the gloom; we rode parallel to it for some way, getting occasional glimpses through the hills, and watched the sun rising in green and orange splendor over the mountain wall of Moab opposite.

At length, when it was quite light, we climbed the last hillock, and saw before us the great flat valley, the line of wood cutting in from north to south, and the northern bay of the sea. Just at this time we met some Arabs, with whom our escort tried to get up a disturbance; we suppose with a view to remuneration, for the Bedouins were very few in number, looked very harmless, and seemed very glad to go away. Our fellows assumed such a bullying tone toward them, as made us suspect their steadiness in any real emergency; such, however, owing to the immense interest of our excursion, and notwithstanding the harrowing tales we had heard in Jerusalem of pillaged Franks struggling bootless and shirtless across the burning Ghor, and negotiating for Arab undergarments at Jericho, was very little pres-

ent to our minds; nor were we destined to undergo greater hardships than what the inevitable draught of Dead Sea water, heat, and creeping things afforded.

We reached the shore of the sea, that weird uncanny beach made up of the skeletons of animals, the bare logs brought down by Jordan in flood-time skinned and pickled in the brine, and round pebbles, a white salty deposit marking where the waves had licked the land and receded; and dismounting in the blazing heat—it was now nearly eleven o'clock—we bathed our hands in the brilliant blue water, clear as crystal, and brought some of it to our mouths. Our flesh felt immediately like leather where the water had touched it, and the taste—as of quinine, vitriol, and sea-water combined—was absolutely indescribable and quite irremovable. We brought away tin flasks full of the delicious compound, that friends at home might have a chance of the same pleasure. The day was cloudless, and the rocks, perfectly sterile and variously colored, stood up out of the lake, the distance of which was covered by haze, marking the perpetual evaporation by which the superfluities are carried off.

We were not sorry to mount and ride off to the east, to the sacred river—to associations more hallowed and less terrible than those which hang over the grave of the five cities; it was a pleasant relief to come to trees and brush-wood growing in park-like luxuriance on either bank so thickly that in many places it was hard to approach the river. We struck the stream at the spot where the Greek pilgrims bathe—the spot which is assigned by tradition to the baptism by the Precursor and of the Lord himself. It is a pleasant and pretty scene this hallowed spot. The river spreads out broader and shallower, and rushes over a gravel bed, the forest recedes and leaves a grassy plot on the bank, on which a most comfortable bivouac can be made, and here we settled to rest till the great heat had passed away, and we could ride without fear of sun-stroke over the salty flats to our resting-place for the night.

We had our midday meal on the bank, and bathed in and drank the sweet muddy water of Jordan; we filled our tin flasks with it to bring back home; and our escort cut us straight sticks from the carob-trees as mementos of our visit; so we passed away two delightful dreamy hours, till the sun began to sink, and we mounted to pursue our course to Jericho. Our ride was singularly unpleasant; the heat still scorching, seemed to strike up from the parched ground. Swarms of insects had come out for their afternoon exercise, and fed freely upon both our-

selves and our horses, and the clumps of vegetation around Jericho seemed never to get nearer. At last we reached the wretched village of Er Riha, which is the sole remains of what, in the time of the Incarnation, was a flourishing city hardly inferior to the capital. There is little evidence of its former greatness; now it consists of a few score of wretched hovels, inhabited by still wretcheder-looking *fellahin*, who bear an odious reputation. Some slight memory of this Garden of the Lord remains in the groves around the village. Figs and vines still flourish, and there are whole thickets of the Nubk, or Syrian thorn, with its cruel-looking spikes, the material, according to local tradition, of the crown of thorns. The district is well watered by the stream which flows from Ain-es-Sultan, the well of Elisha, supposed to be peculiarly fertilizing, since the day on which the prophet cured the waters, and toward this we rode, intending to pass the night there.

We had a delightful place for our encampment. The spring bubbles up and forms a clear pool fringed with bushes at the foot of a hill covered with stones, which of old supported the terraces that bore vegetation up to its now dreary summit. We dined, and smoked, and chatted, and our escort tried to stalk jackals, and then we went to bed, to be devoured by musketoes. Better far had we bivouacked out in the midst of the salty plain than by this murmuring stream, which was evidently the rendezvous of the whole insect population. We were glad to be up early—long before day-break—as our encampment took some time to get into marching trim, and we set out by starlight on our way from Jericho to Jerusalem.

What a thoroughfare this must have been when Herod the Idumæan reigned—when Priest, and Levite, and Samaritan—thief, and publican, and sinner—journeyed backward and forward from city to city, and He with the Traitor often trod it, staying with Lazarus at Bethany, with Zaccheus at Jericho! Now there is but one characteristic, perhaps, that remains—a reputation for deeds of violence.

Our road soon began to ascend, on the right, by the stony hills of Quarantania, the scene of the Temptation, from whence the view in those days must have taken in the great town of Jericho and its suburbs and villas lying at their feet, and the rich plain country. We struck into a mountain defile of the same character as the Valley of Fire, the Wady Cherith, and as our thoughts the night before had been with Elisha, now they were with his greater fellow of Mount Carmel, Ahab-se-Ahab, Jezebel, and the priests of Baal. It is almost painful to feel

how rapidly all these gigantic associations crowd on the mind here, and how easily present circumstances, heat, a hard saddle, or the want of breakfast, displace them, for it is only after leaving the Holy Land one fully realizes the privileges of a journey there.

Our ride was very sultry, the sun beating cruelly on the bare cliffs, and we stopped at the foot of the Mount of Olives for luncheon, at a ruined well which bears the reputation of being a rendezvous for thieves. We saw none, however; and having refreshed ourselves and our beasts, and escaped the very hottest part of the day, began to ascend the hill. In a short time we reached Bethany, which is now a wretched little hamlet with a squalid *fellah* population. The road thence is carried round the southern shoulder of the Mount of Olives, and is remarkable for the suddenness with which the view of the city bursts upon one. At first, only the extreme angle of the wall of the Moriah inclosure and the dome of the Mosque of El Aksa are visible; then, on turning a corner, the whole city of David and the graceful group of buildings on Mount Moriah. It has recently been surmised, with much plausibility, that it was along this approach—probably always the more frequented route to the capital from this side, rather than the steep path carried over the summit of the hill, past the scene of the Ascension—that the view of the splendid assemblage of buildings prompted our Lord to that affecting lamentation over the irremediable desolation so soon to fall on the city beneath. We could easily picture the varied beauty of the scene as it must then have presented itself: the gardens and villas without the walls, where now there is only stony desolation; the massive walls themselves, and Herod's three great fortresses, one of which, the Tower of Hippicus, remains to charm the architect of this age even by its wonderful masonry; the glistening marble of the restored Temple, and its roof of golden pinnacles; and, above it, the citadel of Antonia, telling of national privileges lost forever, and of Roman dominion.

Nothing can be more graceful than the general effect of the buildings which now cover the Temple area, the platform on which Islam has stamped itself over Judaism; the light arcades and fountains, the broad steps and the mosques themselves, especially that of Omar, with its marble and jasper adornment like a large jewel casket, with a cypress here and there completing the Mohammedan character of the sanctuary. The whole looks brilliant at a distance, although, like all Oriental splendor, somewhat shabby when examined in detail.

We rode down into the Valley of Jehoshaphat, with its mosaic of tombs. Many a Jewish emigrant, from Poland especially, lies here in expectation of a grand rehabilitation of their nation's glory on this very spot, which the followers of Mohammed also assign as the place of the last judgment, and point out a broken pillar jutting from the wall of the Harâm over the gorge as the seat he will occupy on that occasion. We rode past Absalom's—so-called—tomb, and the other handsome sepulchers of Roman time, beneath the wall of Gethsemane and up to St. Stephen's gate, and thence along the Way of Sorrow to our hotel. And so back again to ordinary traveler's life in this nineteenth century, guide-books, cicerones, tables d'hôte, and discomfort, but with much laid up in our minds for future enjoyment and appreciation in those moments when we forget the world.

I AM WAITING, ANNIE LEE.

BY MARY E. EARLE.

I HAVE waited in the garden
For the little Annie Lee,
Till the blossoms fell like snow-flakes
From the overhanging tree;
For she left me in the Autumn,
When the days grew dark and chill;
When the leaves had left the branches
And the warbler's note was still.
But she spoke to me in parting
With a voice as sweet and low,
As the voices are in heaven,
Where we all so long to go.
And she promised she would meet me
When a few more days had flown;
When the clouds had left the hill-tops
And the early flowers had grown.
Now, the Spring has brought the woodbine,
And the apple boughs are fair
With the blushes 'mong their petals,
Where the morning's fingers are;
All the breezes scatter gold dust
From the king-cups on the hill;
Ev'ry bloom is dank with honey,
And the wild bees drink their fill.
I have called thro' all the woodland,
"I am waiting, Annie Lee!"
But the forest, softly sobbing,
Sent the echo back to me.
Yet I know that she is waiting
Where the brightest blossoms grow;
Where the lily's leaves are whiter
Than the whitest flakes of snow.
When my hands shall fold from labor,
And the angels come for me,
When the gates of heaven open,
I shall know my Annie Lee.

A COUNTRY WEDDING IN INDIA.

BY A MISSIONARY.

ON our arrival we found the bridegroom, a boy of eight years, had gone, accompanied by his male friends, to the home of the bride. The father of the boy, who followed him after a short time, had a great many parting injunctions, given with tears by the female members of the family, to do every thing that was necessary and spare no expense. This, I was told, was a part of the routine on such occasions.

We found that two parties were expected. The one consisted of the little boy, who was to return, bringing his bride to his father's house; and the other, the betrothed husband of the little daughter of the master of the house, and who was to come and claim his bride. Just as the sun had disappeared behind the great mountain which bounded the western horizon, the sound of the native fife and drum gave notice that the bridegroom was at hand. A couple of women started out to meet him with songs of welcome. Soon the party appeared, wending its way along a narrow, zigzag path, which entered the valley some distance below us. First came the musicians, and then the bridegroom, a great, stalwart man, clothed in scarlet from head to foot, with a sword in his hand, and surrounded by his friends. His red cap was adorned with peculiar tinsel flowers, and before his face was a net-work of red silk, which quite concealed his features. He was conducted to a spot a little distance from the house, where fresh hay had been spread and a heap of wood gathered to give light and heat through the night. A blanket was spread, and on this he took his seat, the friend of the bridegroom being next to him, and the other members of his party around.

Soon the sound of distant music was again heard, and this time we turned to watch the home-bringing of the bride, the daughter-in-law of our host. It was some time before I could discover the happy pair, but at last I espied them upon the backs of some of their kind friends. Poor children! I did not wonder their little feet had grown tired of the weary way, and that they had been glad to avail themselves of help. The clothing, cooking utensils, and a hill cow, not much larger than a goat, with her calf. This party was also escorted to a place which had been prepared at a considerable distance from the first arrival and from the house.

There, too, fresh hay had been spread, and soon the blazing logs were throwing out a ruddy blaze, which served to make the scene still more

picturesque. A Brahmin was present to perform the wedding ceremonies, and nothing could be done till he prognosticated as to the stars being in a favorite position. The low, plaintive strains of the women beguiled the time as they sung—

"A merchant has come from a land afar,
He asks for a gem at our cottage door;
He begs not for pearls or diamonds rare,
But seeks for our child so fresh and fair.
O, why wilt thou take our jewel bright,
And leave us in sorrow, tears, and night?"

Night had now closed in, and soon the Brahmin, with a number of others, went to the first arrived party, taking a brass plate on which were arranged several small open lamps. These were lighted, and then the Brahmin, standing before the bridegroom, who remained sitting, waved the vessel containing the lamps about him, the bridegroom sometimes putting his forehead upon the earth. Money was also put upon the plate, forming a part of the wedding fee. During all this time the bride elect was kept concealed, and the ceremony in which she is to take part will not be performed till to-morrow morning.

And now came the time for the other little bridegroom to bring his almost baby bride to her future home. With drum and fife, as well as singing, the two children were escorted to the door where the Brahmin stood ready to receive them. The little lady, enveloped in her scarlet veil, was as coy as any bride need be, while her liege lord was apparently much absorbed in the business of carrying the great sword, which reminded one of David and Goliath's weapon. At the threshold they stopped. The Brahmin muttered over some Sanscrit from the Vedas, waved the lighted lamps about them, and then put two earthen cups, one above the other, upon the bride's head. A friendly hand kept them balanced for her, and then the Brahmin conducted them into the room where the family were assembled to receive them. We saw no more, but I was told that the parents and grandparents of the bridegroom would each drink of this water, thus signifying that as water quenched the thirst, so the arrival of this daughter-in-law satisfied all their desires for happiness.

It is late at night, but the distant music is still heard, for the wedding is now in progress.

A BOY was asked what meekness was. He thought a moment and said, "Meekness gives smooth answers to rough questions."

The Children's Repository.

"PLEASE, MAMMA, IT WASN'T MY FAULT."

"PLEASE, mamma, it was n't my fault, it was—"

"Anna, Anna," said Mrs. Carlton, holding up her finger, and looking earnestly but sadly at her little girl, "going to blame some one else, my darling, as usual!"

"No, mamma, indeed I was n't. I was going to blame this thing round my neck, it caught in the feather of my pen, and then the ink went all over my copy-book and aunt Nellie's work. I'm sure it was n't my fault, mamma; now was it; how could I help it?"

"I'm afraid my little girl has a bad memory," said Anna's mamma, very quietly.

"Me! mamma! a bad memory?"

"Yes, my dear—you—"

And Mrs. Carlton's eyes were turned very fixedly on little Anna, generally, and on the "thing she wore round her neck," particularly. Anna looked at her mamma. Aunt Nellie, who had left the room just as the accident had happened, that she might endeavor to get the ink-stains out of the embroidery at which she was working, came back and quietly resumed her seat and her employment. She looked neither at her sister, Mrs. Carlton, nor at her little niece. There was a great silence in the little back drawing-room at Elm Cottage.

So very, very, very still.

Before long, however, Anna, who was looking down at her two hands, which were, as usual, in a dreadful state of ink, remembered certain things which aunt Nellie had often said to her about these same inky fingers, and began rubbing them together, in the very vain attempt to make them clean. Whether it was owing to the fact that Anna was holding her head down, or that the contrast to her white pinafore became more striking as her face came nearer to it, can not perhaps be ascertained just now; but one thing is quite certain, little Anna's face grew to such a very, very bright red, that the crimson cloth on the table looked quite dim beside it.

And all this time Anna did not say any thing; Mrs. Carlton did not say any thing; and aunt Nellie did not say any thing. It was Winter-time, and evening-time, and the fire was burning very brightly, and Myrtle, the cat, lay on the hearth-rug, purring away in a state of great happiness.

And Myrtle's purring was the only sound that broke the stillness, except, perhaps, the regular gentle buzz of aunt Nellie's needle, as it went in and out, in and out, of aunt Nellie's work. Presently, as little Anna remained still with her head down, and her two inky hands rubbing one another in her lap, it seemed as though there were more likelihood of her getting them clean, for first one drop of water, and then another drop of water fell down upon them, and still Anna rubbed away silently at her little inky fingers.

"Where do you think these little drops of water came from?"

Anna was crying.

Still Mrs. Carlton looked at her, and did not say any thing. Still Anna continued crying quietly, and her head bent lower and lower. Presently she got down from her chair and left the room. Shall we follow Anna, or shall we stay in with Mrs. Carlton and her sister?

Let us follow Anna. She is creeping slowly up stairs; and on her way she meets the house-maid, Margaret, and Anna thinks she will turn round and go down again, for she does not like Margaret to see her crying; but she has not time to escape before Margaret says:

"What's the matter, Miss Anna, what are you crying about?"

"Nothing," replies Anna; "get away, Margaret, and don't tease me."

And Anna drew herself away pettishly from the touch of Margaret's hand, which had been laid very gently on the little girl's shoulders.

"I'm sure I didn't want to tease you, Miss Anna," said Margaret, and went down.

Anna continued her way up stairs. When she got to the landing place she met the nurse with her little brother Freddy, whom she was taking down stairs to wish his mamma and auntie good-night.

"Nanna, Nanna," said little Freddy, "dood-night;" and he bent down from his nurse's arms to kiss his sister; but Anna turned away, and would n't look at her little brother.

"O, for shame, Miss Anna," said the nurse, "not to wish your little brother good-night;" and she put out her hand and took Anna's arm gently to bring her back, but Anna snatched herself away, and walked sullenly into her own little room, and nurse went down with little Freddy.

When Anna was alone, she sat down on a little stool, and sobbed aloud, and her face grew redder than ever; and as she rubbed her eyes with her dirty, inky fingers, you may fancy what a strange state her cheeks were in before very long; but still Anna cried on.

Now, we will leave her, and go down stairs into the back drawing-room. Margaret, the housemaid, has been putting fresh coals on the fire, and sweeping the hearth, and making every thing look bright and clean; and the cat, who did not at all like being disturbed, and who stretched her legs, and her tail, and set up her back in a most curious manner, seems to have recovered herself, and is now busy washing her face; and the nurse and little Freddy are just leaving the room; little Freddy has kissed his mamma and Auntie Nell, and wished them "dood-night," and as the door is opened for them to go up stairs again, there is a sound from above as of some one sobbing aloud.

"Anna kying, mamma," said little Freddy; and then nurse took him up stairs to bed, and Mrs. Carlton and her sister were left together.

"I am so sorry about poor Anna," began aunt Nellie.

"And so am I," said Anna's mamma.

They were neither of them angry with Anna, you see, they were both very sorry; and yet Anna was often a very naughty girl, a disobedient girl; she was passionate too, and did not always tell the truth. Her greatest failing was her readiness to excuse herself when she had done wrong. It never occurred to her to look for the cause of any accident which happened to her, of any clumsiness of which she was guilty, in herself; she always believed it was in some one else. Anna did not look *at home*. She was naturally thoughtless, careless, and awkward. These were failings which God had seen fit to permit her to be born with. But when these were pointed out to her, and experience showed her that she had them, it became her duty, her privilege, with the help of God's grace, to struggle against these failings, to watch, and to pray; but Anna did not watch, she seldom prayed, and her struggles were generally directed toward ridding herself of the responsibility of her own foolish acts, by throwing the blame upon people, or things, which had really nothing to do with them.

Two days before, Anna had had a present of a very pretty little writing-desk, very beautifully and completely fitted up with paper, pens, inkstand, pen-knife, pencil, envelopes, stamps, and, in fact, every thing that could possibly belong to a writing-desk; of course, there was a lock and key to this desk, and Anna had managed before the day was over to lose the key twice. Once, she was sure that Freddy had taken it off the table, and thrown it away; though it afterward appeared that Freddy had not been in the room where it was, and the

key was found in her doll's pocket, where Anna herself had put it, when, in her delight at her new possession, she had told that very pretty, but inanimate creature, the doll, that she should have a desk one day, and a key like her own to keep in her pocket; and the second time Anna knew that she must have left it in the lock itself; but she was sure that Margaret had moved the desk, and the key had dropped out, whereas she had carried it up into her own little room herself, and put it down on the washhand-stand, where it was found when she went to bed.

You see what a careless little thing Anna was; and I dare say, you see that it was not her carelessness that she was so much to be blamed for, but her readiness to make other people responsible for her own stupidity.

Well, the day after the desk had been given to her, and the key, as you know, had been lost twice, Anna asked her mamma to let her have a bit of ribbon to fasten her key to, so that she might wear it round her neck, and be less likely to lose it. And so a nice piece of dark-blue narrow ribbon was found in aunt Nellie's work-box—you were almost sure to find any thing and every thing you wanted in aunt Nellie's work-box—and Anna felt so comfortable when she reflected that she could n't lose her key now, that she forgot that even the very means by which she had secured the key would, with her careless propensities, require a special degree of watchfulness, lest it should be the occasion of some fresh blunder. She had scarcely had the key hanging securely from her neck more than an hour, when, in nursing one of the cat's little tabby kittens, she amused herself with twisting the blue ribbon round and round the poor little creature's neck, and then being suddenly called away, she started up, and threw the kitten from her, but instead of falling to the ground, the poor little thing hung suspended by the neck, and was nearly choked; while Anna, in her clumsy efforts to shake the poor little thing off, got severely scratched for her pains; whereupon, she gave poor kitty a tremendous slap, and called it "a horrid little thing." Aunt Nellie, who saw the conclusion of this tragedy, but not the beginning, was told that "the kitten had got itself entangled in my nice blue ribbon, and nearly broke it off my neck." And so aunt Nellie advised the key to be worn inside Anna's dress, and then there would not be the risk of a repetition of the same accident.

Anna said, "Yes, aunt," but added, "It was n't my fault."

In the course of the afternoon, Anna dropped

her thimble, which rolled away under the fender, and in stooping to take it up, of course Anna had to get quite close to the poker and tongs, and as she rose up, there was a tremendous clatter; and the poker, which had been hooked into the blue ribbon, was lifted up, and being too heavy for the strength of a thin and narrow piece of silk, already weakened by the encounter with the kitten, the ribbon broke; down went the poker, with no little noise, on to the tongs, and the key slipping off went under the grate.

"Anna, Anna!" Mrs. Carlton had said, "what are you about? You have disturbed aunt Nellie, who was trying to get to sleep because of her headache."

"It was n't my fault, mamma," said Anna; "how could I help the poker catching into my ribbon and breaking it? Nasty, great, clumsy, heavy thing!"

"Were you wearing your key inside your frock, dear?" asked aunt Nellie, very gently.

Anna did not answer, and there was no more said. She looked sorry, and she was sorry, for she was fond of her aunt Nellie, and did not like the thought of having disturbed her.

And Mrs. Carlton mended the ribbon, and put it round Anna's neck, and the key inside the frock. And all went on well enough till the next evening, when Anna had her lessons to do, and, of course, got out her desk, and began to write her exercise.

"The key is outside again, Anna," said Mrs. Carlton.

"Yes, mamma," answered Anna; "but I've just done my writing, and then I shall put my things away, and put it back. It's such a fuss pulling it out each time."

And then a very few minutes after, and Anna caught the feather end of her pen in the blue ribbon; she gave it a sudden jerk, and away flew the ink across the table, and all over aunt Nellie's embroidery, as you read at the beginning of this little story.

Now you understand what Mrs. Carlton meant by saying, "I'm afraid my little girl has a bad memory."

Perhaps you think that if Anna had a bad memory she could not help that. Of course not. But, then, if a little girl has a bad memory, and finds that she forgets to do things in a very little while after she has been desired to do them, it seems to me that she ought to do what she is told *directly*, and then the bad memory would have nothing to do with the matter. But Anna had not a bad memory, for she remembered perfectly when she began to cry, and to feel humbled.

How many—many—many—times she had got

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herself into trouble by *disobedience*! When she *had* disobeyed, and had seen the evil of her disobedience, she was hurt, and sorry, and angry; and yet that did not always make matters better; in fact, it often made them worse.

When Anna left the drawing-room she was really sorry and ashamed; but as she went up stairs she grew angry, because she met Margaret, and she was annoyed that Margaret should see her in disgrace; and then she grew still more angry when she met nurse and little Freddy; and when, later still, nurse came in to her and told her she was a naughty girl, Anna lost her temper completely, and, snatching the key from her neck, threw it violently on the floor.

About a quarter of an hour after this, Anna was sitting moodily on one end of her bed, the door was open, and Mrs. Carlton came gently in, and said:

"Anna, my dear, go down stairs and put your desk and books away, and then come back to me."

Anna went down. When she had put every thing into her desk she felt for the key. It was not to be found.

"There!" she said, "aunt Nellie, my key is gone again."

And then suddenly she remembered her burst of anger a little while before; and there up stairs was her mamma, and she would find the key and the ribbon on the floor; and now Anna was once again subdued, and she went back to her mother. There was Mrs. Carlton with the blue ribbon in her hand.

"O, mamma," cried Anna, "I am so very sorry. Do punish me, mamma. I'll bear any punishment, indeed I will; take my desk away from me, mamma, and forgive me."

"Anna, my darling," said Mrs. Carlton, "I can forgive you without punishing you by depriving you of your desk. If you are truly sorry for your misbehavior, and acknowledge it, I do forgive you. Remember to watch and pray that you may not give way to the habit of saying when you do wrong, 'It is not my fault.' God says, 'If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us; but if we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.' I do not ask you to make sacrifice of your little desk, I only wish you to be obedient, for God says that 'obedience is better than sacrifice.'"

"Good prayers," says an old English divine, "never come weeping home. I am sure I shall receive either what I ask, or what I should ask."

THE BEAR'S DINNER.

"O PAPA! please tell us a story now, while you have nothing to do!"

So exclaimed one and another of the group of little ones, climbing around their father, as he sat resting by the evening fire.

"Well, as I have 'nothing to do' I suppose I must. What sort of a story shall it be?"

"A bear story," said one; "O, yes, tell us about the bear who stole a dinner!"

Papa protested that he had told that story over and over again, but indulgently gave it again, as requested.

We listened, too, to the story which was such a favorite with the children, and, as we had never read it in the newspapers, we thought it might perhaps amuse "our little folks."

"A good many years ago," said papa, "before I was born, my father and mother went to live in the northern part of New York State. If you look on your map now, you will see towns and villages dotted about where then there were scarcely any settlements—nothing but thick woods.

"Bears in 'em?" asked a boy with wide-opened eyes.

"Yes, woods with bears in 'em—only think!"

"I should n't think your father and mother would have liked to go and live where the bears were."

"O, the bears did not often trouble settlers. I do not know that any ever came near my father's place. But afterward, when they had come back to the East to live, and I was a little fellow climbing on my father's knee, just as you do now, he used to tell me this story about a man who settled out there—I suppose somewhere near them.

"This man had built a saw-mill, some distance from his house, and often he used to go to the mill to work all day, taking his dinner with him.

"You have seen a saw-mill? You know its use is to saw big, heavy logs—the trunks of trees—into nice, smooth boards, to build houses with.

"Well, one day the man had been hard at work all the morning at his mill, and when it drew near noon he began to feel hungry, and thought he would stop and eat his dinner. So he sat down on a large log upon which the saw was working, with his tin-pail by his side. Was he afraid of the saw? O, no, he could jump off at any moment, if he came too near the saw.

"While he was eating the good things which his wife had put up for him, and thinking of

his work, his home, and his babies, who should come up but a rough old bear!

"Bruin smelled the goodies and thought he would put in for a share. So he quietly mounted the log on the other side of the dinner-pail, and stuck his nose in it, as if to say, 'Give me some.'

"The good man was somewhat startled, you may believe, by the appearance of such a visitor. Of course he would not be so impolite as to refuse him a share of the feast; but he was afraid that when Bruin had finished his dinner, he might take it into his head to give him a loving hug by way of thanks, so he prudently withdrew to a safe distance, and gave up the whole to him. Bruin munched in perfect content, with his nose in the pail and his back to the saw, while the owner of the dinner looked on from his hiding-place, and wished for his gun.

"But, in the mean time, the log had been gradually working up toward the saw, and now all at once the bear felt a slight nip at his tail. At this he growled, and gave an angry shake, moving a little further along the log. Presently he received another nip, and growled more savagely, but could not turn from his delightful repast. But when he was moved a third time within reach of the saw, and felt another bite, his bear nature could stand it no longer; so he turned in a rage, and hugged the old saw with all his might. And what happened then? Why, of course, he was cut in two; and the man had bear meat enough for a number of dinners, besides nice bear-skin caps for his little boys to keep their ears warm.

"Now, you have been told to look out for a moral in a story; what shall we learn from this? Why,

"1. That he who steals a dinner is likely to pay dear for it.

"2. That he who flings himself in a passion against any thing which annoys him will be apt to get sorely cut and wounded thereby, and make matters very much worse."

THE LITTLE BOY'S PRAYER.

LORD, look upon a little child,
By nature sinful, rude, and wild;
O put thy gracious hands on me,
And make me all I ought to be.
Make me thy child, a child of God,
Washed in my Savior's precious blood;
And my whole soul, from sin set free,
A little vessel full of thee.
O, Jesus, take me to thy breast,
And bless me, that I may be blest;
Both when I wake, and when I sleep,
Wilt thou my soul in safety keep?

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

The Family Circle.

A WORD TO YOUNG MEN.—There is a sad lack of earnestness among young men. To dress, smoke, talk twaddle and slang, and frequent places of amusement, seem with many to be the chief end of life.

And even among those who profess religion, the time frittered away and misspent is something painful to estimate. The hours that might be devoted to useful study or active labor for Christ are spent in desultory reading, aimless sauntering through the streets, or shallow, profitless conversation. Some excuse their idleness by quoting the worn-out illustration of the bent bow, and say "they must have a recreation." Recreation is necessary, but let it be of the right sort. We have a profound belief in the old adage, "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." But when Jack plays, let him play sensibly and in good earnest. We understand recreation to be creating afresh of mental and physical power, and we have yet to learn that this is attained by reading sensational literature, engaging in empty talk, or becoming deeply interested in questionable amusements. Young men, life was given to you for other things than these. That wondrous nature with its soaring hopes and depressing fears, its godlike intellect and deep instincts of immortality, is too valuable to be passed thus. And if any should read this who are lovers of pleasure more than of God and man, we would say to them, is there no soul to save, no heaven to win, no mind to adorn with beauty, no success to be achieved; are there no wasters to be reclaimed, no tears to wipe away, no hearts to cheer, no feeble hands to be lifted up and strengthened; is there nothing to be done, that you should cast your manhood away on trifles, and spend your time on shadows that ever elude your grasp? Assume your true positions in the world. Be earnest. Lead the van among the good and true. Grasp the weapon all-prayer, and battle manfully against the evils that hold the world in thralldom. Lay hold upon the strength of God, and labor to bring in the time in which

"Each man finds his own in all men's good,
And all men work in noble brotherhood."

INFLUENCE OF FEMALE SOCIETY.—It is better for you to pass an evening now and then in a lady's drawing room, even though the conversation be slow, and you know the girls' song by heart, than in a club, tavern, or pit of a theater.

All amusements of youth to which virtuous women are not admitted, rely on it, are deleterious in their nature. All men who avoid female society have dull perceptions and are stupid, or have gross tastes, and revolt against what is pure. Your club swaggers,

who are sucking the butts of billiard cues all night, call female society insipid. Poetry is insipid to a yokel; beauty has no charms for a blind man; music does not please a poor beast who does not know one tune from another, and as a true epicure is hardly ever tired of water sanchy and brown bread and butter, I protest that I can sit for a whole night talking to a well-regulated, kindly woman, about her girl coming out, or her boy at college, and like the evening's entertainment. One of the great benefits man derives from woman's society is that he is bound to be respectful to them. The habit is of great good to your moral man, depend upon it. Our education makes of us the most eminently selfish men of the world. We fight for ourselves, we push for ourselves, we yawn for ourselves, we light our pipes and say we won't go out; we prefer ourselves and our ease; and the greatest good that comes to a man from woman's society is that he has to think for somebody besides himself, somebody to whom he is bound to be constantly attentive and respectful.—*Thackeray.*

A SUNNY TEMPER.—You gain nothing by fretting; you only waste your strength by it. Choose your work, plan as skillfully as you can, put your whole heart into what you are about to do, and leave the rest to a kind Providence that overlooks not a single one of us. Do you know how many years of your life and happiness are *mortgaged* by this habit of worrying? And after all, what does it accomplish? How does it help you on? How much strength does it bring to you in your labors and exertions? None—none whatever. A ruffled temper all the time throws to the surface the "mire and dirt" of the nature; it does not combine the best elements, and help them to work together to the best advantage, but only the worst, and gives them alone all the chance. A beautiful, sunny temper is no sign of weakness, as many suppose, but of strength and harmony of character. It shows that there is a power seated at the center of the being, that knows how to administer the government.

Lord Clarendon wrote of anger, that it is the most impotent passion that occupies the mind of man; it effects nothing it goes about, and hurts the man who is possessed by it more than any other against whom it is directed. He knew the human heart. The worst of anger is, if you give the reins to it for once, it is still more difficult for you to keep them yourself the next time, and makes over just so much of it to the enemy. But a cheerful temper is like the genial sun, in whose warm rays all men like to bask. The possessor of

such may not, perhaps, make as many stare and tremble at his barbed phrases of satire or scorn, but he will certainly make more devoted and loving friends, and, what is more, be very sure to *keep them*.

WOMAN.—The character of a pure and virtuous female is too tender and delicate to be handled roughly. Like the dew-drop that sparkles on the bosom of the rose bud, the first rude breath is apt to sweep it away. Surely, then, it should be guarded with a pious care by her who now possesses it, and should never be sullied by the foul taint of withering calumny. The man who would cast a deadly blight on the reputation of an innocent and unsuspecting woman, by direct accusations or accused innuendoes, is a vile and heartless wretch unfit for the companionship of his species.

The influence of woman in the endearing relations of sister, of wife, and of mother, exceeds all conception in its extent and its power. In this respect she is far superior to the sterner sex. How is the wild and wayward brother restrained from a career of vice, and led in the paths of purity and peace, by the mild and persuasive entreaties, the soft and feminine gentleness of his affectionate and confiding sister! How are the asperities of the husband softened, his evil habits corrected, and the nobler and better attributes of his nature developed in their lovely and exquisite proportions, by the captivating graces, the generous and self-sacrificing devotion of the wife of his bosom! And how is the rude and reckless boy met, at the very avenue of guilt, by the hallowed form of her who bore him, now, perhaps, in heaven, as she kneeled at his bedside in early childhood, and commended him to God, or urged him, amid fast-flowing tears, to emulate the example and follow the steps of his Savior!

The sympathy of woman is one of the crowning excellencies of her nature. This is the golden chain that unites her with loftier intelligences, and with the Deity himself. How brightly does this admirable quality shine in the hour of sorrow and anguish—by the pillow of sickness and death! Then, indeed, does a woman seem like a guardian angel sent from a higher and holier sphere, to cheer our moments of despondence and distress, to smooth our otherwise rugged passage to the tomb, and to prepare the departing spirit for a happy exit from this world of woe. Who, then, will endeavor, with impious hands, to withdraw her from the position she was destined to occupy, and mar the beauty and symmetry of her character, and to plunge her into the turbid waters of crime—a loathing to herself and a nuisance to society?

The rainbow's tints are not so bright
As the rich streak,
That like a beam of sunset light
Gilds woman's cheek.

Not the glad notes of joyous Spring
Which charm the ear;
Nor morning lark's gay carolling,
Grateful and clear,

Are half so sweet as woman's tones,
In that lone hour,
When Sorrow's bleeding bosom owns
Her holy power.

As the last, lovely, lingering ray
Beams o'er the west;

The parting glance of dying day,
Sinking to rest,
So when death's shadows darkly frown,
May woman's eye
Fringe them with brighter hues than crown
The evening sky.

THE BELOVED WIFE.—Only let a woman be sure she is precious to her husband—not useful, not convenient simply, but lovely and beloved; let her be the recipient of his polite and hearty attentions; let her feel that her cares and love are noticed, appreciated, and returned; let her opinion be asked, her approval sought, and her judgment respected in matters of which she is cognizant; in short, let her only be loved, honored, and cherished, in fulfillment of the marriage vow, and she will be to her husband, her children, and society, a well-spring of pleasure. She will bear pain, and toil, and anxiety, for her husband's love is to her tower and fortress. Shielded and sheltered therein, adversity will have lost its sting. She may suffer, but sympathy may dull the edge of sorrow. A house with love in it—and by love expressed in words, and looks, and deeds, for I have not one spark of faith in love that never crops out—is to a house without love, as a person to a machine; one is life, the other is mechanism. The unloved woman may have bread just as light, a house just as tidy as the other, but the latter has a spring of beauty about her, a joyousness and aggressive, and penetrating, and pervading brightness to which the former is a stranger. The deep happiness in her heart shines out in her face. She is a ray of sunlight in the house. She gleams all over it, makes it airy, and gay, and graceful, and warm, and welcoming with her. She is full of devices, and plots, and sweet surprises for her husband and family. She has never done with the romance and poetry of life. She is all pure and gracious. Humble household ways and duties have for her a golden significance. The prize makes the calling high, and the end signifies the means. Her home is a paradise, not sinless, not painless, but still a paradise, for "love is heaven, and heaven is love."

GIVING JOY TO A CHILD.—Blessed be the hand that prepares a pleasure for a child, for there is no saying when and where it may again bloom forth. Does not almost every body remember some kind-hearted man who showed him a kindness in the dulcet days of his childhood? The writer of this recollects himself, at this moment, a barefooted lad, standing at the wooden fence of a poor little garden in his native village, while with longing eyes he gazed on the flowers which were blooming there quietly in the brightness of a Sabbath morning. The possessor came forth from his little cottage; he was a wood-cutter by trade, and spent the whole week at work in the woods. He had come into the garden to gather flowers to stick in his coat when he went to Church. He saw the boy, and breaking off the most beautiful of his carnations—it was streaked with red and white—he gave it to him. Neither the giver nor the receiver spoke a word, and with bounding steps the boy ran home. And now here, at a vast distance from that home, after so many events of so many years, the feeling of gratitude which agitated the breast of that boy expresses itself on paper. The carnation has long since faded, but it now blooms afresh.

WITTY AND WISE.

HOW TO LEND TO THE LORD.—A poor man lived near Deacon Murray, and occasionally called at his house for a supply of milk. One morning he came when the family were at breakfast. Mrs. Murray rose to wait upon him; but the deacon said to her,

"Wait till after breakfast."

She did so, and meantime the deacon made some inquiries of the man about his family and circumstances. After family worship the deacon invited him to go out to the barn with him.

When they got into the yard, the deacon, pointing to one of the cows, exclaimed,

"There, take that cow and drive her home."

The man thanked him heartily for the cow, and started for home; but the deacon was observed to stand in the attitude of deep thought till the man had gone some rods. He then looked up and called out,

"Hey! bring that cow back."

The man looked back, and the deacon added,

"Let that cow come back, and you come back too."

He did so; and when he came back into the yard again, the deacon said,

"There, now take your pick of the cows; I an't agoing to lend to the Lord the poorest cow I've got!"

HOW TO MAKE A BONNET.—A Paris correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette gives the following receipt—a la Blot—for making a bonnet: "Take a piece of plaited straw of a round or oval form, and bend it into any shape you please so long as you can balance the article on the top of your head. Smother it with artificial flowers, or cover it if you like with puffed tulle, and add lappets at the side if you think them becoming; but this, I should observe, is quite unnecessary. Plant a full-blown rose in the center, or encircle the whole with a wreath of roses, passion-flowers, pansies, hyacinths, daisies, ivy, or lilies of the valley, or bunches of grapes, or some cherries, or gooseberries. Then attach some glass beads round the rim, and strings of ribbon of the same color as the predominating tint of the flowers or fruit forming the wreath, the ends of which strings tie together across the breast. Next add, if you please, a second pair of strings of muslin or tulle, and you have a bonnet of the prevailing mode, which you can call chapeau Lamballe, Fanchon, Trianon, printanier, d'ete, Marly, or Mandarin blanc, according to your fancy."

REMEMBERING SOMETHING.—"Well, my child," said Mr. Osgood to his little daughter after Church, "what do you remember of all the preacher said?"

"Nothing, sir," was the timid reply.

"Nothing," said he, severely; "now, remember, the next time you tell me something he says, or you must stay away from Church."

The next Sunday she came home, her eyes all excitement. "I remember something," said she.

"Ah, very glad of it, my child," replied Mr. Osgood; "what did he say?"

"He said, pa," cried she, delightedly, "a collection will now be taken up."

A BAD CURE.—The following story is told of a father of the Church: At an associated dinner a debate

arose as to the use of the rod in bringing up children. The doctor took the affirmative, and the chief opponent was a young minister, whose reputation for veracity was not very high. He maintained that parents often do harm to their children by unjust punishment, from not knowing the facts of the case. "Why," said he, "the only time my father whipped me was for telling the truth." "Well," retorted the doctor, "it cured you of it, did n't it?"

WHAT TO THINK.—A calm, blue-eyed, self-possessed young lady received a long call the other day from a prying old spinster, who, after prolonging her stay beyond even her own conception of the young lady's endurance, came to the main question which brought her thither. "I've been asked a good many times if you were not engaged to Dr. —. Now, if folks inquire again whether you be or not, what shall I tell them I think?" "Tell them," answered the young lady, fixing her calm blue eyes in unblushing steadiness upon the inquisitive features of her interrogator, "you think you do n't know, and you are sure it is none of your business."

ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.—An Englishman and a Scotchman were discussing, over the dinner-table, the relative greatness of their respective countries, when the former put in what he considered a poser: "You will," he said, "at least admit that England is larger in extent than Scotland?" "Certainly not," was the confident reply. "You see, sir, ours is mountainous, yours is a flat country. Now if our hills were rolled out flat, we should beat you by hundreds of square miles." This reminds us of a Vermonter who claimed that his State had more land to the acre than any other, because they set it up edgewise and cultivated both sides.

QUOTING LATIN.—A learned and enthusiastic orator recently startled his audience by the following sentence: "Sir, let those beware who would trifle with the popular will. In the language of the poet, '*Facilis descensus averni*'—the voice of the people is the voice of God." This is nearly as good as the illustration once used by a member of a certain Down East Legislature: "Mr. Speaker," said the member, referring to the question under debate, "this matter is like Pandora's box—the more you stir it, the worse it gets."

AGAINST LONG SERMONS.—A minister's wife says, "The first time I took my eldest boy to Church, when he was two years and a half old, I managed with caresses, and frowns, and candy, to keep him very still till the sermon was half done. By this time his patience was exhausted, and he climbed to his feet, and stood on his seat, looking at the preacher—his father—quite intently. Then as if he had hit upon a certain relief for his troubles, he pulled me by the chin to attract my attention, and exclaimed in a distinct voice, 'Mamma, make papa say Amen.'"

A GENTLEMAN.—An elegantly-dressed young lady recently entered a railway carriage in Paris, where there were three or four gentlemen, one of whom was lighting a cigar. Observing her, the Frenchman asked her if smoking would incommode her. She replied, "I do not know, sir; no gentleman has ever smoked in my presence."

Scripture Cabinet.

MARRIAGE IN THE EAST.—Marriage ceremonies in the East are widely different from those to which we are accustomed in this country. Like every thing else there, they are primeval in their character, and are thus both interesting and instructive to the student of Scripture. There are three stages in the progress of an eastern marriage, as follows:

1. *The Choice of the Bride.* When a young man arrives at maturity he is expected to marry. To do so, it is deemed a duty, which it would be not only wrong, but unbecoming to neglect. Yet he is not permitted to select a wife for himself. His parents, or, should they be dead, his nearest relatives make the choice; and it sometimes happens that he never sees his bride till the whole marriage ceremonies are completed. Usually, however, some opportunity is contrived of letting the young people at least see each other; but to attempt to converse together, or to hold private interviews, or to enjoy pleasant walks, or to correspond by letter, as lovers are wont to do in our land of liberty, would, in the East, be considered highly improper.

In this respect, little change has taken place since the time when Abraham sent his steward away to Mesopotamia to seek a wife for Isaac. And Rebekah, when her destined husband was first pointed out to her, ere he approached, acted just as a modern Arab maid would do: "She took a veil and covered herself." Gen. xxiv, 65.

2. *The Espousal.* The bride having been selected, a formal contract is entered into. The nature of the ceremony is different among different sects. The Jews draw up a legal document binding the parties under heavy penalties to fulfill the agreement in due time, which is usually about a year, though sometimes more or sometimes less, after the betrothal.

At the time of espousal, valuable presents are made to the bride, and occasionally a sum of money is paid to the father. The presents, which are generally ornaments of gold, silver, and jewels, with rich robes and dresses, and even money, become the property of the bride, and form her "dowry." Such were the presents given by Abraham's servant to Rebekah: "He brought forth jewels of silver and jewels of gold, and raiment, and gave to her." Gen. xxiv, 53. And such was the dowry offered by Shechem for Dinah, Jacob's daughter. "Ask me never so much dowry [for the bride] and gift [for her relatives,] and I will give according as ye shall say unto me." Gen. xxxiv, 12.

The espoused bride, though virtually a wife, lives altogether apart from her husband. They are not permitted even to see each other. All communication must be carried on through a third party, who is called the friend of the bridegroom. John iii, 29.

3. *The Marriage.* This is the concluding ceremony which consummates the union. It is always a season of great festivity, and the rejoicings generally continue a week or more. John ii, 1, *seq.*; Matt. xxii, 1-10; Judges xiv, 12.

On a day previously appointed, the bride is prepared to meet her husband. She is clothed in her richest robes; all her ornaments are put on, and often her head, arms, and her whole person are covered with gold and jewels. A large transparent veil, interwoven with threads of gold, is thrown over her. She stands in the interior of her house, while her maidens and friends fill the court-yard and the street in the front, waiting for the coming of the bridegroom.

When I had the privilege, some years ago, of being present at the marriage of one of the richest Jews in Damascus, I saw for the first time how true and how graphic are the words of the sacred penman in such passages as Isa. lxi, 10; Jer. ii, 32, and Rev. xxi, 2.

At a fixed hour, usually in the evening, or during the night, the bridegroom, with a large party of relatives and friends richly dressed, sets out for his house. A procession is formed. Men bearing blazing torches on long poles lead the way, and range themselves on each side. Musicians, buffoons, mock combatants, and a motley crowd gather round the bridegroom, and fill the air with noisy music and shouts of joy. The sound soon reaches the house of the bride, where it finds a ready echo. Then the cry is raised, "Behold the bridegroom cometh!" Matt. xxv, 6. On reaching the house the bridegroom is welcomed with long, shrill, and oft-repeated cheers, or rather screams of women, such as one never heard but in the East. When this is concluded, the marriage is performed by a Rabbini. Refreshments and sweetmeats in great profusion are handed round; and the numerous guests are entertained by music, dancing, and the shrill cries of women, till the hour arrives when the bride is taken away to her new home.

How wonderfully graphic was the prophetic curse pronounced upon Israel by the lips of Jeremiah: "Then will I cause to cease from the cities of Judah, and from the streets of Jerusalem, the voice of mirth, and the voice of gladness, the voice of the bridegroom, and the voice of the bride: for the land shall be desolate."

THE BEST OF ALL.—Bishop Butler, upon his death-bed, sank into despondency under a sense of his sinfulness. "My lord," said his chaplain, "you forget that Jesus is a Savior." "True," replied the Bishop, "but how shall I know that he is a Savior for me?" "My lord, it is written, 'Him that cometh unto me I shall in no wise cast out.'" "True," said the Bishop, "and I have read that Scripture a thousand times, but I never felt its full value till this moment; stop there! for now I die happy."

"For all I have preached or written," said Mr. James Durham, "there is but one Scripture I can remember or dare grip to. Tell me if I dare lay the weight of my salvation upon it—Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." His friend replied, "You may, indeed, depend upon it, though you had a thousand salvations at hazard." A glance of joy lighted up the soul of the dying saint, under the radiance of

which he was ushered into the glory and brightness of eternity.

The following incident is another example of one who, in his low estate, grasped this cord, let down to reach the lowest, grasped it with feeble, dying hands, and was drawn forth by means of it into life, and light, and full salvation:

It was a sorrowful company to whom I was introduced, composed of old and young. But a wasted figure in the chimney-corner fixed my attention. He was crouched on a low stool with his head buried in his hands, and leaning on the great wooden coal-box which served as a sofa for the feeble patients. His life was evidently drawing near to the grave, and he seemed scarcely able to support himself on his seat. But he suffered more in bed, he said, and so he sat up as much as possible. In the course of conversation, I repeated the gracious offers and invitations of "Him with whom we have to do," ending with these words, "And him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." In feeble, faltering accents he repeated them after me, adding, "I think *that* is the best word in all the Bible."

THE SMILES OF JESUS.—Because it is recorded twice of our Divine Redeemer that he wept, and not once that he smiled, some have made bold to presume that smiles never irradiated his face. I can neither accept this conclusion nor suffer it to pass without the protest of my heart against its unreasonableness. There is no force to my mind, in the argument with which such a conclusion is supported, that our blessed Lord had to bear the world's sin, in suffering unto death, and, therefore, smiles would have been incompatible with his character and work. To suffer was, indeed, his human lot, but it was also his mission to save; and while his great task of suffering might well give him tears for his drink in a great measure, the end of that suffering in the salvation of a lost world might well fill his heart with a joy that would, sometimes, break out in heavenly smiles upon his face.

Can it be doubted that he smiled upon the little ones who pressed into his arms for a blessing? Is it likely that he hallowed not the marriage feast in Cana with a bright approving smile? Can we think of him as sitting in the dear domestic circle of Bethany with never a sweet relaxation upon his grave but gracious features into the witchery of a visible joyousness? O, no! If it be not sin for us to conceive of the countenance of Jesus as one of surpassing human beauty, surely it is not wrong to think of it, reflecting at times—in smiles whose loveliness no human pencil could portray—the happiness of that Heaven of whose holiness his lineaments were the perpetual expression and the blessed type!

LUTHER'S PRAYER FOR MELANCTHON.—On a certain occasion, a message was sent to Luther to inform him that Melancthon was dying. He at once hastened to his sick-bed, and found him presenting the usual premonitory symptoms of death. He mournfully bent over him, and sobbing, gave utterance to a sorrowful exclamation. It roused Melancthon from his stupor; he looked in the face of Luther, and said, "O, Luther! is this you? Why don't you let me depart in peace?" "We can't spare you yet, Philip," was the reply. And,

turning round, he threw himself upon his knees, and wrestled with God for his recovery for upward of an hour. He went from his knees to the bed, and took his friend by the hand. Again he said, "Dear Luther, why don't you let me depart in peace?" "No, no, Philip, we can not spare you yet," was the reply. He then ordered some soup; and, when pressed to take it, Melancthon declined, again saying, "Dear Luther, why will you not let me go home and be at rest?" "We can not spare you yet, Philip," was the reply. He then added, "Philip, take this soup, or I will excommunicate you." He took the soup; he commenced to grow better. He soon regained his wonted health, and labored for years afterward in the cause of the Reformation; and, when Luther returned home, he said to his wife with joy, "God gave me my brother Melancthon back in direct answer to prayer."

MISQUOTATION FROM SCRIPTURE.—"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." From Sterne's *Sentimental Journey to Italy*. Compare Isaiah xxvii, 8.

"In the midst of life we are in death." From the Burial Service; and this originally from a hymn of Luther.

"Bread and wine which the Lord hath commanded to be received." From the English Catechism.

"Not to be wise above what is written." Not in Scripture.

"That the spirit would go from heart to heart, as oil from vessel to vessel." Not in Scripture.

"The merciful man is merciful to his beast." The Scriptural form is: "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast." Prov. xii, 10.

"A nation shall be born in a day." In Isaiah it reads: "Shall a nation be born at once."—xvi, 8.

"As iron sharpeneth iron, so doth a man the countenance of his friend." "Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." Prov. xxvii, 17.

"That he who runs may read." "That he may run that readeth." Heb. iii, 2.

"Owe no man any thing but love." "Owe no man any thing, but to love one another." Rom. xxii, 8.

"Prone to sin as the sparks fly upward." "Born to trouble as the sparks fly upward." Job. v, 7.

"Exalted to heaven in point of privilege." Not in the Bible.

THE EQUALITY OF THE GRAVE.—Nature knows no rich, who brought us all poor into the world. For, in fine, we are not born with fine clothes, nor with silver and gold. She who brought us into the world without clothes and food, will receive us again quite naked into her bosom. She doth not know how to contain our possessions and estates in the grave. A little space of ground after death is enough both for the rich and poor. Nature then produces us all alike, and makes us all die without any difference. Who can find out the different conditions of the dead? Open the sepulchers, view the dead bodies, move the ashes, and distinguish, if you can, the rich from the poor. Perhaps you will know him by the magnificent tomb, which will only show you that he possessed more goods, or rather that he hath lost more than the poor man has. There is no other distinction, and both rich and poor here fare alike.

Library, Scientific, and Statistical Terms.

THE WARS OF FORTY-NINE YEARS IN EUROPE.—The following statistics read with sad interest at this moment: Between the years 1815 and 1864, 2,782,000 men were killed in battle. Of these 2,148,000 were Europeans, and 164,000 inhabitants of the other continents. Thus during forty-nine years the average annual number who thus perished amounts to 43,800 men, not including the victims of disease engendered by the consequences of war. The Crimean war, 1853-56, was naturally the most destructive, 511,000 men having perished during its course; 176,000 of these died on the field of battle; 334,000 from disease in hospital—256,000 being Russians, 98,000 Turks, 107,000 French, 45,000 English, 2,600 Italians, and 2,500 Greeks. The war in the Caucasus, 1829-60, cost the lives of 330,000; the Anglo-Indian war, 1857-59, 196,000; the Russian and Turkish war, 1828-29, 193,000; the Polish insurrection of 1831, 190,000; the civil war of Spain, which raged from 1833 to 1840, 172,000; the war of Greek independence, 1821-29, to which Lord Byron fell a victim, 148,000; the various French campaigns in Algeria, from 1830 to 1850, 146,000; the Hungarian revolution, 142,000; the Italian war of 1859-60, 129,874, which last number may be thus analyzed—96,874 fell on the field of battle, and 33,000 died of disease; of which 59,664 were Austrians, 30,220 French, 23,600 Italians, 14,010 Neapolitans, and 2,370 Romans.

A curious result may be deduced from the above; namely, that a greater number perished by the disease incident to a camp life than are actually killed by shot and shell or any other engine of destruction. As to the sums of money swallowed up by these wars, it is impossible to arrive at any thing approaching a correct calculation. The Crimean war cost Russia 2,328 millions of francs—one million of francs is equal to \$200,000—France, 1,348 millions; England, 1,320 millions; Turkey, 1,060 millions; Austria, for mere demonstrations, 470 millions. Thus in two years and a half 6,526 millions of francs were spent.

The Italian war of 1859 cost France 345 millions; Austria, 730 millions; Italy, 410 millions. Thus in two months 1,458 millions were swallowed up.

HOT SUMMERS.—In 1132 the earth opened, and rivers and springs disappeared in Alsace. The Rhine was dried up. In 1152 the heat was so great that eggs were cooked in the sand. In 1150, at the battle of Bela, a great number of soldiers died from the heat. In 1176 and 1177, in France, an absolute failure of the crops of grass and oats occurred. In 1302 and 1304 the Seine, the Loire, the Rhine, and the Danube, were passed over dry footed. In 1393 and 1394 great numbers of animals fell dead, and the crops were scorched up. In 1440 the heat was excessive. In 1538, 1539, 1540, and 1541, the rivers were almost dried up. In 1556 there was a great drought all over Europe. In 1615 and 1616 the heat was overwhelming in France, Italy, and the Netherlands. In 1646 there were 58 consecutive days of excessive heat. The same was the

case in the first three years of the eighteenth century. In 1618 it did not rain once from April to October. The crops were burned up, and the theaters were closed by the decree of the lieutenant of police. The thermometer marked 36 degrees Reaumur, (113 of Fahrenheit.) In gardens which were watered, fruit-trees flowered twice. In 1722 and 1724 the heat was extreme. In 1747 the Summer was very hot and dry, which calcined the crops. During seven months no rain fell. In 1748, 1754, 1760, 1767, 1768, and 1788, the heat was excessive. In 1811, the year of the celebrated comet, the Summer was very warm, and the wine delicious, even at Susenes. In 1818 the theaters in France and Great Britain remained closed for nearly a month, owing to the heat. In 1836 the Seine was almost dried up. In 1850, in the month of June, on the second appearance of the cholera, the thermometer marked twenty-two degrees centigrade. The highest temperature which man can support for a certain time varies from 40 to 45 degrees, (104 to 113 Fahrenheit.) Frequent accidents occur, however, at a less elevated temperature.

NUMBER OF WORDS IN USE.—We are told, on good authority, by a clergyman, that some of the laborers in his parish had not 300 words in their vocabulary. The vocabulary of the ancient sages of Egypt, at least as far as is known to us from the hieroglyphic inscriptions, amounts to about 685 words. The libretto of an Italian opera seldom displays a greater variety of words. A well-educated person in England, who has been at a public school, and at the university, who reads his Bible, his Shakspeare, the Times, and all the books of Mudie's library, seldom uses more than about 3,000 or 4,000 words in actual conversation. Accurate thinkers and close reasoners, who avoid vague and general expressions, and wait till they find the word that exactly fits their meaning, employ a larger stock; and eloquent speakers may rise to a command of 10,000. Shakspeare, who displayed a greater variety of expression than probably any writer in any language, produced all his plays with about 15,000 words. Milton's works are built up with 8,000; and the Old Testament says all that it has to say with 5,642 words.—*Prof. Max Muller.*

NEVER TOO OLD TO LEARN.—We are told that Socrates, at an extreme old age, learned to play on musical instruments.

Cato, at eighty-eight years of age, thought proper to learn the Greek language.

Plutarch, when between seventy and eighty, commenced the study of Latin.

Sir Henry Spelman neglected the sciences in his youth, but commenced the study of them when between fifty and sixty years of age. After this time he became a most learned antiquarian and lawyer.

Ludovico, at the great age of one hundred and fifteen, wrote the memoirs of his own time; a singular exertion noticed by Voltaire, who was himself one of

the most remarkable instances of the progress of the age in new studies.

Accareo, a great lawyer, being asked why he began the study of law so late, replied that indeed he began it late, but he should therefore master it the sooner.

Dryden, in his sixtieth year, commenced the *Iliad*, and his most pleasing productions were written in his old age.

TEMPERATE HABITS.—The value of temperate habits in prolonging life and diminishing sickness has been exhibited in the comparison of temperance provident societies with other societies. The Teetotal Society, of Preston, (England,) presents, as we learn from the sanitary reports of Rev. Mr. Clay, not merely the smallest proportion of sick, but it also suffers the shortest average duration of illness. The annual mortality in the Temperance Provident Society of London, during seven years, averaged only 4 in 1,000. In agricultural laborers, in the prime of life, the most highly favored of the working classes in England, it is rated at 8 per 1,000.

Among healthy persons generally, it is rated at 10 per 1,000. Among clerks at the same age, it is no less than 23 per 1,000. If we compare this with the other picture, how great is the difference! Every-where the intemperate are among the first victims of epidemics and also contagious febrile diseases. They are more readily attacked, and more readily sink under disease than any other class of persons. The pernicious effects of intemperance in throwing the system open to cholera, have been admitted by all medical writers in the different countries of Europe.

MOST DEPLORABLE IGNORANCE.—A recent issue of the British Quarterly Review contains the following astounding—nay, almost incredible—revelations of the ignorance which exists among some sections of the British community: "In Birmingham, 32 persons, averaging more than 12 years of age, including a young man of 20 and two young women, could tell the Queen's name. The commonest and simplest objects of nature, such as flowers, birds, fishes, mountains, and the sea, were unknown. Some thought London was a county—one that it was in the exhibition; a violet was said to be a pretty bird, a primrose a red rose, a lilac also a bird; but whether a robin or an eagle were birds none could say; some knew not what a river meant, or where fishes live, or where snow comes from; and a cow in a picture was pronounced to be a lion. Multitudes of these poor children can never have seen a primrose by the river's brim, or heard the song of a lark."

UNBOLTED FLOUR THE MOST HEALTHFUL.—Having been raised in a good wheat country, we can not well overcome an early attachment to "mother's nice white bread." Yet science plainly teaches that the most healthful bread is made from wheat ground without separating the bran. The coarser portions of bran keep the finer particles of flour separated, so that the gastric juice of the stomach more readily penetrates and dissolves the mass, and hence is better for digestion. These coarser particles also promote the healthful action of the intestines, and prevent constipation, which is one of the prolific causes of disease in these days. It would be far better, doubtless, if every flour bolt were removed from our grist-mills, and people consumed the meal of the whole wheat kernels, just

as the several parts are combined naturally. Taste depends mainly upon habit; those accustomed to the unbolted flour eat it with a relish.—*American Agriculturist*.

A GOOD WHITEWASH.—The Chemical Gazette gives the following receipt for a whitewash for buildings or out-door use, but is also well adapted for walls: "Take a clean, water-tight barrel, or other suitable cask, and put into it half a bushel of lime. Slack it by pouring boiling water over it, and in sufficient quantity to cover five inches deep, stirring it briskly till thoroughly slacked. When slacking has been effected, dissolve in water, and add two pounds of sulphate of zinc and one of common salt. These will cause the wash to harden and prevent its cracking, which gives an unseemly appearance to the work. If desirable, a beautiful cream color may be communicated to the wash, by adding three pounds of yellow ochre. This wash may be applied with a common whitewash brush, and will be found much superior, both in appearance and durability, to common whitewash."

SCHLOSS HRADEK.—In the neighborhood of Sadowa, where the Austrians were recently defeated by the Prussians, is the renowned park and castle of Count Harrach, one of the richest noblemen of Austria. It is built in close imitation of Windsor Castle, in England, in the midst of a park and old forest of twenty-seven square miles. The large hall, called the Kaiser-saal, (the Hall of Emperors,) is remarkable for its splendor. It contains the portraits of all the emperors of Austria, by the first masters of Germany and Italy. The walls are frescoed in Pompeian style. The floor represents, by inlaid wood-work of most costly kind, the renowned painting of Kaulbach, "The Hunneuschlacht," (the Battle of the Huns.) Every piece of furniture is of ebony wood inlaid with ivory and solid gold. Another hall is called King Edward II Hall. The furniture was brought over from the Castle of Carnarvon, and is the identical furniture used by the renowned English King. The dining-saloon is called the Hirschsaal, (the Deerhall.) The chairs, tables, goblets, doors, and floor are made of deerhorn. The door of this splendid room cost 5,000 florins, or \$2,500. To give, in short, an idea of the costliness of the whole, it may suffice to state that Count Harrach devoted, during twelve years, the income of twenty-two of his estates for the building and decorating of this castle, called "Schloss Hradek."

A PLEASANT PARLOR PASTIME.—A favorite play with Dr. Whately, was penciling a little tale on paper and then making his right-hand neighbor read and repeat it in a whisper to the next man, and so on till every body around the table had done the same. But the last man was always required to write what he had heard, and the matter was then compared with the original retained by his grace. In many instances the matter was hardly recognizable, and Dr. Whately would draw an obvious moral; but the cream of the fun lay in his efforts to ascertain when the alterations took place. His analytical powers of detection proved, as usual, accurate, and the interpolations made by the parties were playfully pilloried. The play is called "Russian Scandal."

Library Notices.

LIFE AND TIMES OF ANDREW JOHNSON, Seventeenth President of the United States. *Written from a National Stand-point. By a National Man.* 12mo. Pp. 363. \$1.75. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—We are not partial to biographies of living men. It is not possible that the whole case should be placed before us while they are yet in the midst of life's activities, and while, perhaps, abundant opportunities still remain for them to create yet greater claims on our gratitude and admiration, or indeed to fall and effectually ruin what so far may have been sufficiently pure and praiseworthy. Yet the present, very possibly, may be the most favorable time that will ever be offered for writing the life of President Johnson. We are disposed to think that two years ago would have been more favorable than the present, and even after examining this volume, we can not help but fear that the record of the future will only tarnish and detract from what may have been good and illustrious in the past. The author writes with great admiration for the President, with great confidence in his policy, his integrity, his purity, and his patriotism. The work is written in the interest of a certain set of principles, if not in the interest of a certain party. It is not our province to speak evil of dignitaries. We hope Mr. Johnson in personal character is all that this anonymous writer represents him; but we view the whole case from a different standpoint, and can not sympathize with the policy of the President and his admiring biographer. That is all.

SERMONS PREACHED ON DIFFERENT OCCASIONS DURING THE LAST TWENTY YEARS. *By the Rev. Edward Meyrick Goulburn, D. D., Prebendary of St. Paul's, and one of Her Majesty's Chaplains in Ordinary.* 12mo. Pp. 397. \$1.75. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—We have recently had the pleasure of reading and noticing several works from the pen of Dr. Goulburn. We admire his style in its pure, simple, and strong diction; his order of thought, in its elevation, depth, and manliness; and his sentiments, in their piety and orthodoxy. We have read several of these sermons, and find them characterized by all the excellencies of the author. We would single out that one on "Pure and Undeified Religion," that on "Final Impenitence," that on the "Goodness and Severity of God as Manifested in the Atonement," that on—but why single out any, as each one that we read offers itself as a model of the author's style, and an exemplification of his earnest, practical, Christian method of treating every subject he undertakes. There is food for the mind and nourishment for the heart in this book of sermons.

HOMES WITHOUT HANDS. *Being a Description of the Habitations of Animals, Classed according to their Principle of Construction.* *By the Rev. J. G. Wood, M. A., F. L. S., etc.* 8vo. Pp. 651. \$4.50. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—Mr. Wood is the author of several valuable works on

natural history, and is perfectly at home among the humble habitations of God's creatures. The title of the beautiful book before us suggests its plan—that of classifying and describing a multitude of animals according to the construction of their homes. This, of course, brings together creatures of widely different classes and species, but concentrates the attention on the object of the author's study, namely, the skill, and ingenuity, and vast variety of these "homes made without hands." Beginning with the simplest and most natural form of habitation—a burrow in the ground—the work proceeds in the following order: "2. Those creatures that suspend their homes in the air. 3. Those that are real builders, forming their domiciles of mud, stones, sticks, and similar materials. 4. Those which make their habitations beneath the surface of the water, whether salt or fresh. 5. Those that live sociably in communities. 6. Those which are parasitic upon animals or plants. 7. Those which build on branches." The work concludes with a miscellaneous chapter treating of habitations which could not be classed in the other groups. A profusion of illustrations present to the eye what the author tries to describe in the text. It is a most excellent and beautiful work in natural history.

HARPER'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION. *By Alfred H. Guernsey and Henry M. Alden. Part I. Quarto. Double Columns. Pp. 380. \$6.* New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—We have frequently called the attention of our readers to the successive parts of this pictorial history as they appeared. This is the first volume completed, and handsomely bound in muslin. Within a few months, and within the compass of another volume similar to this one, the authors inform us they will be able to complete the entire work. We know no reason why this beautiful work should not be accepted as the family history of the war. Its copious illustrations, consisting of 249 scenes and incidents, 31 maps and plans, and 225 portraits of eminent actors in the war, constitute in themselves an invaluable possession. The text is not a mere hasty compilation, but is based throughout on authentic documents, and the facts are substantiated by unquestioned evidence. The close of the war gave the authors access to documents before unattainable, exhibiting the war also on the Confederate side. The large quarto form, being of the size of Harper's Weekly, gives facility for presenting the maps and illustrations on a large scale, while the 380 large pages in the present volume must contain an amount of reading matter equal to at least 1,500 octavo pages.

FOUR YEARS IN THE SADDLE. *By Col. Harry Gilmor.* 12mo. Pp. 291. \$2. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—Harry Gilmor wishes to be recognized as a brave and dashing cavalryman, a hero of thrilling adventures and hair-breadth escapes, "fighting fairly and in good faith."

We think if Harry's name goes down to posterity at all, it will be as a traitor, a ruthless guerrilla, a heartless murderer, an execrable incendiary. His character, as drawn by his own hand, is one that every good man, who regards God and loves his fellow-men, will heartily abominate—a vain, conceited, reckless youth, delighting in blood and murder for the mere excitement and adventure it afforded. He is a native of Maryland, who, with several of his kith and kin, went over to the Confederates soon after the breaking out of the war, without even the silly pretext of "going with his State against the nation." He spent most of his service with the famous guerrillas, Ashby and Moseby, was twice a prisoner in our hands, and had charge of the work of setting fire to Chambersburg. Being a prisoner in Fort Warren at the close of the war, he was generously released, and, we presume, pardoned, and that is the end of the chapter.

A NARRATIVE OF ANDERSONVILLE, *Drawn from the Evidence Elicited on the Trial of Henry Wirz, the Jail-er. With the Argument of Col. N. P. Chipman, Judge Advocate. By Ambrose Spencer. 12mo. Pp. 272. \$1.75. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.*—Our readers will sufficiently understand the character of this book of horrors. It is only necessary to say that Mr. Spencer was long a resident in the immediate neighborhood of the Andersonville prison, and with the official records of the trial of the chief actor in the atrocities there perpetrated before him, has in a grave and impassioned manner told the horrible but truthful story of Andersonville.

THE SINGING PILGRIM; or, *Pilgrim's Progress Illustrated in Song, for the Sabbath School, Church, and Family. By Philip Phillips. New York and Cincinnati: Published by Philip Phillips & Co.*—On our table we found lying a copy of this new book, and turning to the fly-leaf we found written the following: "I have the pleasure of presenting you with one of the first six copies of the 'Singing Pilgrim.' Sincerely yours, singing for Jesus. Philip Phillips." We verily believe our friend Phillips has a mission of "singing for Jesus," and that in this new book of songs and music for the Sunday school, Church, and family, he has made a grand progress in his mission, and has given us the best contribution he has yet made to Sunday school music, if not, indeed, the best book of the kind we possess. The Singing Pilgrim consists of three parts: first, the Singing Pilgrim proper, in which the design has not been to paraphrase the famous Pilgrim's Progress, or to change it into measured poetry, but to furnish hymns illustrative of the same features of Christian experience as are illustrated by the allegories of Bunyan. The second part consists of a large and new collection of Sunday school hymns and music, on subjects adapted for all religious occasions. The third part is a choice collection of our best and most substantial hymns for various purposes of Christian worship. We do not see how it would be possible to make a book of hymns and music better adapted in all respects to the wants of the Sabbath school. The copy sent to us is beautifully bound in morocco, with gilt sides and marble edge, for which we thank the esteemed author.

THE ALUMNA: *Published by the Alumnae of the Wesleyan Female College, Cincinnati. 1866. Edited by a Committee.*—This beautiful annual is again placed on our table, and we welcome it for many reasons—for the chaste beauty of its execution, for the excellent character of its contents, for the very pleasing photograph of the old college building, for the life, earnestness, and activity which it evinces as existing in the Alumnae of the Wesleyan, and for the deep and practical interest which it manifests in the future welfare of this venerable institution. The articles contributed to this number of the Alumna are of a very high order of merit, and the Alma Mater may well be proud of her daughters, when with such beauty of diction, such purity and chasteness of thought, and such promises for the future, they can arise and call her blessed. As the termination of the school year of 1866 closed the connection of the school with the old college buildings, it is natural that the Alumna for this year should be quite historical, and the articles referring to the history of the college are most interesting and valuable. As a new era now opens for the future, it is natural also that the Alumnae should desire to share in the efforts about to be made to erect new buildings and to start the old Wesleyan on even a broader and grander mission than that of the past. We find in the report of the "Business Meeting of June 16, 1866," that it was resolved, "that we, as an Alumnae, should endow a professorship in the new college, always to be filled by an alumna of the college," and that it was also determined to raise for this purpose \$10,000. We find ourself inclining to the wish that the efforts of the Alumnae had taken the direction rather of assisting in the erection or furnishing of the new building. But the professorship is a noble object, and one in which all can unite harmoniously. We have no doubt it will be done. Three hundred and sixty-three members of this association, wearing the honors of their Alma Mater, will not fail, we are sure, in achieving this result. The young ladies who have edited this number of the Alumna have done their work admirably. Surely every member of the association will have a copy. They can be had, we are told, at the Methodist Book Concern in this city.

ENGLISH TRAVELERS AND ITALIAN BRIGANDS. A *Narrative of Capture and Captivity. By W. J. C. Moens. 12mo. Pp. 355. \$1.75. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.*—Mr. Moens, in company with the Rev. J. C. Murray Aynsley, during a visit to Southern Italy in the Spring of 1865, was captured by a band of brigands in the mountains near Salerno. In a few days Mr. Aynsley was released by lot in order that he might make efforts to obtain the large ransom demanded for their liberation. Mr. Moens was retained as hostage, and spent about three months with his roving captors. The most interesting part of the book, because the most novel, is, of course, the diary of Mr. Moens during these three months, in which we catch a glimpse of this strange brigand life, so common as to be one of the characteristics of Southern Italy. Certainly it must be a strange country and a strange government that admit of this wild and murderous life. It does not speak well for "united Italy," that Mr. Moens feels compelled to declare that brigandage is more

prevalent and less controlled now than under the old regime. The narrative is made more complete by the diary of Mrs. Moens, giving an account of what was done by herself and friends for the liberation of her husband; while the three chapters recounting the visit of the party to Sicily at the time Mount Etna was in active eruption adds to the interest of the volume.

LETTERS OF LIFE. By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. 12mo. Pp. 414. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—This is the last literary effort of Mrs. Sigourney. At the request of a "dear friend" she furnishes in these familiar letters a particular account of her own life—a long, beautiful, good and useful pilgrimage, little varied by extraordinary incident, and wholly devoid of romance. It is simply a true, natural, healthful, womanly life, such as thousands of others have lived, and the value and interest of these letters lie in the fact that they truthfully sketch such a life. We have not here Mrs. Sigourney the poet, but Lydia Howard Huntley, the affectionate and dutiful daughter, and Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney, the true wife and devoted mother. The letters are interesting and instructive, and of course will be desired by the many admirers of this gifted woman. The last poem she ever wrote is the "Valedictory" of this volume, and bears a date of less than four weeks before her death:

"Here is my valedictory. I bring
A basket of dried fruits—autumnal leaves,
And mosses, pressed from ocean's sunless tides.
I strew them votive at your feet, sweet friends,
Who've listened to me long—with grateful thanks
For favoring smiles, that have sustained and cheered
All weariness.

I never wrote for fame—
The payment seemed not to be worth the toll;
But wheresoe'er the kind affections sought
To mix themselves by music with the mind,
That was my inspiration and delight.

And you, for many a lustrum, have not frowned
Upon my lingering strain. Patient you've been,
Even as the charity that never fails;
And pouring o'er my heart the gentlest tides
Of love and commendation. So I take
These tender memories to my pillowed turf,
Blessing you for them when I breathe no more.
Heaven's peace be with you all!

Farewell! farewell!"

A BRIEF TREATISE UPON CONSTITUTIONAL AND PARTY QUESTIONS, and the History of Political Parties, as I Received it Orally from the Late Senator Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois. By J. Madison Cutts, U. S. A. Post 8vo. Pp. 221. \$1.75. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—So reads the title of the book that lies before us; it well defines the nature and contents of the volume, which will be welcomed by the admirers of the late Senator Douglas. "In the Summer of 1859," says the author, "Mr. Douglas remained in Washington; and as I was very desirous of receiving from him a statement of his own political faith, with the general views of a statesman upon constitutional, political, and party questions, I prepared, with his consent, a brief analysis of such subjects as I wished him to explain to me. We were in the habit of spending an hour together each evening, till all the questions I had proposed were answered. This treatise embodies all of these conversations, which were taken down in writing, verbally, at the time—Mr.

Douglas always pausing long enough to enable me to obtain his exact language." The questions discussed are some of the most vital in the Constitution and the Government of our country, and some of the most interesting in our party politics. They can be read with interest and profit by persons of all parties, but many of the views will be strongly dissented from by men as wise as Mr. Douglas himself.

SHERBROOKE. By H. B. G., Author of "Madge." 12mo. Pp. 463. \$2. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—This is a pure domestic story, that so far from doing harm to the reader, will teach lessons of strength, courage, and patience, and a love for that wisdom which fills the chambers of the heart with "all precious and pleasant hours."

HOW I MANAGED MY HOUSE ON TWO HUNDRED POUNDS A YEAR. By Mrs. Warren. Paper, 50 cts. Boston: Loring. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—This is a fascinating little autobiography of married life, and has had an almost unparalleled success in England. The author's aim is to impart in a pleasing manner a practical knowledge of the essential requisites for successful housekeeping with a moderate expenditure of money, and to advise and instruct the inexperienced young wife so that she, and not the servant, shall rule the house. Two hundred pounds are equivalent to one thousand dollars, a sum which represents the income of a very large class in this country. How to use that sum to the best advantage is admirably told in this little book.

PROFESSOR BLOT'S LECTURES ON COOKERY. Delivered at Mercantile Hall. Paper, 25 cts. For sale by R. W. Carroll & Co., Cincinnati.—Every body doubtless has heard of Professor Blot and his lectures—the prince of cooks. "The most honored of professors," says one, "is Professor Blot." But this is a very different book from the one noticed above. Doubtless the dishes are all very fine, but not many of them could be placed on the table at "two hundred pounds a year." For those who can afford this style of living we have no doubt Professor Blot gives the very best instructions for furnishing the very best dishes *a la mode*. We belong rather to the class whose table must be furnished after what we believe the more healthful mode of Mrs. Warren.

FIRST LESSONS IN NUMBERS, in the Natural Order. By John H. French, LL. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—The first of Dr. French's mathematical series, designed for beginners; very simple and natural in its arrangement. It is admirably adapted to its object.

SELECT LESSONS FROM THE HOLY SCRIPTURES. Adapted to Responsive Reading in Sunday Schools. By H. Mattison, D. D. Philadelphia: Perkinpine & Higgins. New York: Carlton & Porter.—These lessons consist of "solid extracts," just as they stand in the Scriptures, each lesson containing at least one prominent subject, and being complete in itself. We greatly like the plan of reading a lesson of Scripture with response by the school, and think Dr. Mattison has been very happy in his selections and in the general arrangement of this little book.

MEDICAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC. By Jonathan Letterman, M. D. Late Surgeon United States Army, and Medical Director of the Army of the Potomac. 8vo. Pp. 194. \$2. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.

MISCELLANEOUS.—*The North British Review*, June, 1866, American Edition. New York: Leonard Scott & Co. *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, June, 1866, American Edition. New York: Leonard Scott & Co. *Minutes of the Niagara, Ontario, and Bay Quinte Annual Conferences. Minutes of the Maine Annual Conference. Catalogue of the Illinois Wesleyan University,*

Bloomington, Illinois, Rev. Oliver S. Munsell, D. D., President—students, 296. *Catalogue of the Oakland Female Seminary*, Hillsboro, Ohio, Rev. Joseph M'D. Mathews, D. D., Principal.

THE INTERNAL REVENUE LAWS. Act Approved June 30, 1864, as Amended by Acts of March 3, 1865, and July 13, 1866; Together with the Acts Amendatory: With Copious Marginal References, a Complete Analytical Index, and Tables of Tazation and Exemption. Compiled by Horace Dresser. 8vo. Pp. 220. Paper, 50 cts. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.

Gratulatory Record.

ADDRESS OF THE AMERICAN METHODIST LADIES' CENTENARY ASSOCIATION,

AT THE LAYING OF THE CORNER-STONE OF HECK HALL, JULY 12, 1866.

No common-place event has assembled us to-day, yet, in the contemplation of a scene like this, we are saddened once more by what has often made us sad—our failure fitly to conceive of what transpires before us. Converging at the spot on which we stand, come countless visions of the mysterious past. From the same sky that bends above us, in this impressive hour, a host of tireless stars has watched the pace for sixty centuries; and various, beyond our thought, have been the scenes on which these stars have bent their steady gaze. But of them all, there comes to us the evidence of one, alone. In the excavations made for these walls, just below the main hall of the edifice to be erected here, have been found human skeletons, of great antiquity, buried, perhaps, before the Pinta and the Nina turned their adventurous prow from Spain toward the New World. None can narrate for us the history of the race thus represented, or bring up from oblivion the secrets of this ancient burial-place.

But there are other lives and other graves, of which we must all think while standing here.

In an obscure, Canadian church-yard reposes one whose memory, dear and sacred to us all, we this day honor. Fruitful of teaching is the thought that God remembereth his own, however lowly they may be in man's proud eyes; and seldom is an illustration of this truth more clear than in the case of this humble but holy woman, born and reared in a rural district of Ireland, yet destined to be, in the American metropolis, the foundress of a mighty Church. In that quiet, common life of hers, full of petty cares and crosses, was the ennobling faith which, upon any life, confers true dignity. Behind that brave, Teutonic face was a brain diligent to think for God and for humanity.

Remote is the connection, in our surface thought, between the little room with its humble group of five, listening to Philip Embury's first sermon, and this large audience, this solemn ceremony, these rising walls!

Most fortunate for us the lesson—if we wisely give it heed—that comes from thoughts of her whose name this edifice shall bear.

Not very far away, down the lake-shore, is the resting-place of her whom, equally, we honor, and whose unequalled liberality projected the enterprise which the efforts made by us are meant to aid.

Indissolubly linked, at last, are the lives of these two Christian women, who had the highest kinship, though severed far by time, by distance, and by worldly circumstance. Surely we must all feel that with poetic justice is this memorial edifice of the Garrett Biblical Institute to be named Heck Hall.

Thus, in the order of God's providence, does the highest and the best assert its right; and they who bring good tidings from a changeless world, and publish peace to a restless race, claim this spot as their home.

Faintly in the sunshine of the present we discern the twilight of the past, yet we can see that

"Through the ages, one unchanging purpose runs;"

that "without haste, without rest," the Invisible Ruler has unfolded his purpose.

The laying of this corner-stone symbolizes most fitly the firm basis laid by this Association for future success; and, as these walls are reared, our faith maintains that they shall symbolize with equal truth its increasing influence and helpfulness.

We have but just begun our generous task. Many difficulties attend us, but difficulty is an ingredient quite too common in the cup of life to discourage or surprise. We have no querulous word to speak—no greeting less cordial than "God bless you!" for any organization, local or general, for us, against us, or unmindful of us, so that it aims to signalize this memorable year by greater victories for Christ. But this we claim: that the enterprise which we have undertaken, in charity and faith, *deserves success*; that for women to build in a woman's honor, upon foundations laid by a woman's benefactions, and for woman's truest friends, the heralds of Christ's Gospel, is a noble deed.

Our convictions are strong, our purpose does not waver, and very steadfast is our confidence in the loyalty of womanhood to that which is, in itself, good and beautiful—whose claims conflict with no just estimate of other obligations, and whose results must be a union of sympathy and an enlargement of Christian liberality throughout all our borders.

Let local interests be cared for with conscientious zeal. Questionable, indeed, is his loyalty to Church or State who is unmindful of the truth that "Charity begins at home," and just as questionable his loyalty to the teachings of Christ, if that charity never goes abroad.

The word "connectional," so often used, has become a sounding brass in weary ears, yet there is in it a meaning deeper than its definition shows, for the spirit of our Savior alone can animate such love for the universal Church as will turn our offerings into connectional as well as local channels.

If theological institutions, patronized by the whole Church and benefiting it universally, a Mission-House at the metropolis, and an Educational Fund whose blessings are to be diffused throughout the entire country be not "connectional objects," we know not where to find them.

The hundredth year of the Church's life is passing with unmarked rapidity—three-fourths of it being already gone. Whether we think of it or not, when the history of the epoch is written for posterity, it will be something to regret if we are not identified with the success which the first Ladies' Centenary Association, and the only one of general character and direct, official sanction, will certainly achieve.

Women of the West! Will you not all ally yourselves with us, at least by entering your names upon our list as members, or, as life members, securing our beautiful certificate? Shall not each of the principal rooms in Heck Hall bear the name of a benefactress?

We wait the issue of your thoughtful prayers and Christian sympathy.

Women of the Church throughout our land! The Central Centenary Committee calls upon us to make a princely contribution in commendation of the era. What response shall be given by us to history?

Shall not the general and the local associations work lovingly together? Surely there is no want of harmony between the two departments of Christian enterprise. Each is noble and just; both make our offerings complete.

Let us think, for a moment, of 1966! In that far-off Centenary, when a greater Church than the world contains to-day, in the strength of its enthusiasm, and the enthusiasm of its strength, lays broader plans than we have laid, and heap up costlier gifts than ours, shall it not be that, as the Christian women of that era turn the bright pages of the history to which we are contributing, they shall catch the inspiration which generous deeds have, through all time, imparted? Shall they not see, down the dim years, a Christian sisterhood standing side by side, and hand in hand? May God grant it, if it be his will, for Jesus' sake!

MELINDA HAMLINE, *President.*

FRANCES E. WILLARD, *Corresponding Secretary.*

FIRST THINGS IN AMERICAN METHODISM.—From the Pictorial Centennial, issued by N. Tibbals, of New York, and which contains many valuable things concerning the early history, and the spirit and genius of Methodism, we extract the following article on "first things," prepared by Rev. W. H. De Puy, assistant editor of the Christian Advocate.

First Methodists in America.—John and Charles

Wesley came as missionaries to the Indians in Georgia, landing February 6, 1736. This was previous to the organization of Methodist societies in England. Charles returned, via Boston, in about a year; John returned about fifteen months later.

First Evangelist.—George Whitefield, born at Gloucester, England, in 1714, joined the "Methodist Club" in Oxford. He first came to America at the request of Wesley as an evangelist in 1638. During his ministry he crossed the Atlantic thirteen times. He was the "John Baptist" of Methodism in the United States; he prepared the way for the introduction of preachers sent by Mr. Wesley. His death occurred in Newburyport, Mass. Sept. 30, 1770, during his seventh visit to America. Neither the Wesleys nor Whitefield organized any Churches in America.

First Preacher who Organized a Methodist Church.—Philip Embury, in 1766. He was born in Ireland, was converted in that country on Christmas day, 1752, received local preacher's license, and emigrated to America in 1760, and settled in New York, plying his vocation as a carpenter. A few other Wesleyans from Ireland also resided in New York, but no meetings were held. In 1766, Mrs. Barbara Heck, a cousin of Embury, finding one day several of those who had been faithful Christians in Ireland engaged in card-playing, was so shocked by their lapse into sinful amusement that she seized the cards and destroyed them, and then hastened to Embury's residence, and appealed to him to commence preaching at once. He hesitated, but she exclaimed: "You must preach, or we shall all go to hell together, and God will require our blood at your hands." He yielded, and the first meeting was appointed.

First Preaching-Place.—Philip Embury's private house, in Barrack-street, now Park Place.

First Congregation.—Barbara Heck, with her husband, Paul Heck; John Lawrence, his "hired man;" and "Betty," a colored servant.

First Public Preaching-House.—"The Rigging Loft," located in "Horse-and-Cart-street," now 120 William-street; rented in 1767; torn down in 1854. Dimensions, eighteen by sixty feet.

First Church Property.—Lease of the "Old John-Street Church" lot, afterward purchased. The lease is dated March 29, 1768, and was to Philip Embury, Wm. Lupton, Charles White, Richard Sansé, Henry Newton, Paul Heck, Thomas Taylor, and Thomas Webb, by Mary Barclay, widow of Henry Barclay, the second rector of Trinity Church.

First Deed.—Of Wesley Chapel lot, fifty by ninety-five feet, dated November 2, 1770. Cost of the blank deed, (parchment,) \$8.56, stamped. Consideration price in deed \$1.25, (10 shillings,) though the real price was \$1,500 (£600.) Deed made by Joseph Forbes to Richard Boardman, Joseph Pilmoor, ministers; William Lupton, merchant; Thomas Webb, gentleman; John Southwell, merchant; Henry Newton, shop-keeper, and James Jarvis, hatter—all of New York—Trustees.

First Church Edifice.—Wesley Chapel, John-street, built of stone, faced with blue plaster; sixty by forty-two feet. Embury was the principal carpenter who wrought on the structure. Barbara Heck assisted with her own hands in whitewashing the walls. Its internal arrangements were long unfinished. At the dedication

there were "no stairs or breast-work to the galleries, the galleries being reached by a rude ladder." The seats, even on the main floor, had no backs, nor was there any vestry or class-room.

First Church Burial Place.—The first record of one was in 1770, when Philip Embury "fixed the door of Mr. Lupton's vault" under Wesley Chapel, in John-street. Mr. Lupton was a trustee.

First Steward.—The first steward of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in America, was Henry Newton, an Englishman and bachelor.

First Trustees.—Philip Embury, William Lupton, Charles White, Richard Sanse, Henry Newton, Paul Heck, Thomas Taylor, Thos. Webb—organized in 1768.

First Church Subscription.—The form was as follows:

"A number of persons, desirous to worship God in spirit and in truth, commonly called Methodists—under the direction of Rev. Mr. John Wesley—whom it is evident God has been pleased to bless in their meetings in New York, thinking it would be more to the glory of God and the good of souls, had they a more convenient place to meet in, where the Gospel of Jesus Christ might be preached without distinction of sects or parties; and as Philip Embury is a member and helper in the Gospel, they humbly beg the assistance of Christian friends, in order to enable them to build a small house for that purpose, not doubting but the God of all consolation will abundantly bless all such as are willing to contribute to the same."

The first name on the subscription paper was that of Capt. Thomas Webb, who gave the largest sum; namely, \$75. The number of names on the paper was about two hundred and fifty; the smallest sum was 12½ cents. Total subscribed, \$1,045.43. (See "Lost Chapters," by Rev. J. B. Wakely.)

First Dedication Sermon.—Preached by Philip Embury at Wesley Chapel, Oct. 30, 1768, from Hosea x, 12: "Sow to yourselves righteousness, reap in mercy; break up your fallow ground; for it is time to seek the Lord till he come and rain righteousness upon you."

First Parsonage.—A humble wooden building, with a narrow stoop in front, built adjacent to the first Church in John-street, New York, in 1770, and thoroughly furnished by the ladies with articles mainly given or lent. The following is a complete list:

Purchased: Bedstead and sofa, (cost,) \$5; feather-bed, bolster, and pillow, (67 lbs. at 29c.) \$19.43; small furniture, 97½ cents; 11 yards sheeting for a pair of sheets, \$3.32; one pair new sheets, \$2.50; one pair blankets, \$3.50; sauce pan, 87½ cents; plates, 94 cents; nap-cloth and tape, 69 cents; total, \$38.13. *Borrowed:* five chairs, three tables, one pair andirons, two iron pots, five pictures, one shaving dish, one set bed curtains, one small looking-glass, two blankets, two green window curtains, four teaspoons. *Donated:* one grid-iron, one pair bellows, six china cups and saucers, six soup plates, two salt cups, one bread-basket, one tea-chest and canisters, one wash-basin and bottle, one sauce-boat, six cream-colored plates, two "dishes," three "wine glasses," two cruets, six table cloths, three towels, three burnt china plates, two do. cups, four silver teaspoons, six knives and forks, one copper tea-kettle, one knife-box, one bed-quilt, two pillow-cases, one bed-sprey, one Windsor chair and cushion, one red rug, four pictures.

The donations were from *seventeen persons*. The parsonage, which at first was styled "The Preacher's House," was also furnished with a small, yet useful library.

First Methodist Sexton.—John Murphy, (colored,) sexton of John-Street Church, in 1750. His salary is not known, but that of his successor, a year later, was \$15.63. From the first the congregation numbered several excellent colored members.

First Ministerial Donation.—October 17, 1769, to Mr. Embury and Mr. Williams, "three pair stockings, at \$1.15 per pair." On the same date, "\$25 (£10) cash," to Philip Embury, "to buy clothes," made by the officers of the first church, and the entry made in the records.

First Clock.—In the lecture-room of the present church, in John-street, is "Wesley's clock," which was early placed in the first "chapel," and has long been regarded as the first *Methodist clock* in America. On it are inscribed these words, "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh." The clock, though running for nearly a century, still keeps good time.

Lights for the First Church.—Candies, the cost of which, during the first year, was \$152.88.

First Volunteer Evangelist.—Robert Williams, a local preacher, from England. While Mr. Wesley, in 1769, was pondering the question of sending missionaries to labor where Embury and Strawbridge had opened the door, Williams, impatient of delay, hastened as a volunteer to the field. He embarked on a packet for America, "with his saddle-bags, a bottle of milk, and a loaf of bread, but no money for the expense of his passage." His expenses were paid by a Methodist fellow-passenger.

First Native Local Preacher.—Richard Oliver, converted through the instrumentality of Strawbridge, in Baltimore county, Maryland. He subsequently entered the itinerancy, and died in it.

First Itinerant Preacher.—William Watters, a zealous and successful preacher, received on trial 1773, and into full connection in 1776, and continued in the itinerancy till death.

First Pastoral Superintendent.—Francis Asbury, appointed by Mr. Wesley, Oct. 10, 1772. His successor was Thomas Rankin, appointed in 1773.

First Bishop.—Thomas Coke, LL. D., ordained in Bristol, England, Sept. 2, 1784, by Mr. John Wesley, assisted by Rev. Mr. Creighton, a presbyter of the Church of England.

First Deacon Ordained in America.—Francis Asbury, ordained at Baltimore, Dec. 25, 1785, by Dr. Thomas Coke.

First Elder Ordained in America.—Francis Asbury, at Baltimore, Dec. 26, 1785, by Dr. Coke. Freeborn Garretson was the second.

First Bishop Ordained in America.—Francis Asbury, at Baltimore, Dec. 27, 1784, by Dr. Coke. At these ordinations Dr. Coke was assisted by Rev. Mr. Otterbine, of the German Church.

First Minister Deceased.—Robert Williams, Sept. 26, 1775. The funeral sermon was preached by Bishop Asbury.

First Conference of Preachers.—In June, 1773, in Philadelphia. The stations, statistics, and appoint-

ments were as follows: New York, (members 180,) Thos. Rankin, to change in four months; Philadelphia, (180,) Geo. Shadford, to change in four months; New Jersey, (200,) John King, William Watters; Baltimore, (500,) Francis Asbury, Robert Strawbridge, Abraham Whitworth, Joseph Yearbey; Norfolk, (50,) Richard Wright; Petersburg, (50,) Robert Williams. Preachers, 10; total members, 1,160. Thomas Rankin presided, having been sent by Mr. Wesley from England to officiate as general assistant.

First Stationed Preachers.—Richard Boardman and Joseph Pillmore, sent out by Mr. Wesley from the Leeds Conference, England, landed on the American coast, (Gloucester Point, near Philadelphia,) October 24, 1769, the former being appointed to New York, and the other to Philadelphia.

First Camp Meeting.—In 1779, near Red River, in Tennessee. It originated at a meeting held by two brothers by the name of M'Gee, one a Methodist minister, and the other a Presbyterian. The first camp meeting in the East was held at Carmel, New York, in 1804. The people came from all quarters of the surrounding country, many of them lodging in their wagons, over which were spread temporary coverings. The second was in Croton, in 1805. The ground was prepared by William Thatcher and J. B. Matthias, local preachers, and Nathan Anderson, Esq. When the ground was ready those three good men kneeled down together and solemnly dedicated it to God in prayer. It was on land owned by Pierre Van Cortlandt, for eighteen years Lieut.-Governor of the State.

First Class Meeting.—At the close of the first sermon, organized and led by Philip Embury.

First Presiding Elders.—Those in charge of districts were first called *Presiding Elders* in the minutes of 1797. Wm. M'Kendree, afterward bishop, is the first on the list.

First American Sunday School.—Organized in 1786, by Bishop Asbury. This was the first Sunday school in America. The Methodist Episcopal Sunday School Union was organized 1827.

First Sunday School Book.—The first library volume and the first question book were prepared by Dr. Durbin.

First Methodist Books Published in America.—Wesley's Sermons, printed and circulated by Robert Williams. The first book published by the first Book Concern was "A' Kempis," a small devotional work written by a Roman Catholic.

First Book Concern.—At Philadelphia, established 1789, on a borrowed capital of \$600. It was removed to New York in 1804. The first Book Concern in Cincinnati was established in 1820.

First Book Agent.—John Dickins, called at first "Book Steward." Martin Ruter was the first Agent at Cincinnati.

First Periodical.—Methodist Magazine, (now "Quarterly Review,") issued in 1789. The first number of "The Christian Advocate" was issued Sept. 9, 1826.

First Editors.—John Dickins, of books and of magazines; Barber Badger, of Christian Advocate. The editorials were mainly furnished by Dr. Nathan Bangs.

First Book Stereotyped.—Methodist Hymn-Book, 24mo edition, in 1820.

First School.—Cokesbury College, at Abington, about

twenty-five miles from Baltimore, projected by Bishops Coke and Asbury, in 1784, and consecrated by Bishop Asbury, and opened for students in 1787.

First Honorary Degree.—That of A. M., conferred upon Whitefield by Princeton (N. J.) College. This theological school began in a log cabin about twenty feet square.

First Missionary Society.—The Missionary Society was organized in Forsyth-Street Methodist Episcopal Church, New York city, April 5, 1819. Dr. Nathan Bangs occupied the chair; Joshua Soule, (now senior Bishop Methodist Episcopal Church South,) moved the adoption of the constitution which had been prepared by Dr. Bangs; Bishop M'Kendree was chosen President; Thomas Mason, Corresponding Secretary; Francis Hall, Clerk, and Joshua Soule, Treasurer. The receipts for the first year were \$823.

First Foreign Missionary.—Melville B. Cox, sailed for Africa in 1832, and organized the Liberia Mission.

First German Missions and Missionary.—Prof. (now Dr.) William Nast, was the founder of the German Missions, and was the first preacher sent to labor in them, 1836.

First Temperance Society.—The Methodist Episcopal Church was organized into a Temperance Society in 1784, by adopting a rule forbidding "drunkenness, buying or selling spirituous liquors, or drinking them." This was the first temperance organization in the country.

First Recognition of the National Government.—May 27, 1789, Bishops Coke and Asbury called on Washington, just after his inauguration as President, and read to him the loyal and congratulatory address of the New York Conference. This was the first address presented to the National Government by any religious denomination.

DEATH OF REV. ROBERT WALLACE.—Just as we are about to close the present number, we learn with profound regret the sudden death of Mr. Wallace, a distinguished member of the Irish Conference, who, accompanied by his wife, and as the colleague of Rev. Dr. Scott, as delegates to our Church in this country to participate in our great Centenary work, arrived in New York on the 23d of August. Mr. Wallace attended the session of the Cincinnati Conference, held at Ripley, O., and came to this city to occupy the pulpit of Morris Chapel on Sunday, the 2d of September. On Saturday night he was seized with the cholera, and at ten o'clock on Sabbath morning he died. He was about fifty years of age, and was held in high esteem in the Irish Conference. His sudden death will be mourned in both countries, and, perhaps, may be blessed of God for the furtherance of the Irish cause.

DEATH OF REV. DR. MARLAY.—We have but little space to notice the sudden death of this beloved brother and father in Israel. We hear of it just as we are giving our last lines to the printer. Dr. Marlay, a venerable member of the Cincinnati Conference, died at Ripley during the session of the Conference, at about the same hour as Mr. Wallace died in this city. They had taken tea together at Ripley, on Friday, and Dr. Marlay was seized with cholera that night, and died on Sabbath morning. An excellent portrait and sketch of this dear brother will be found in our June number.





